THE CANADA WEST

A · MAGAZINE OF THE SUNSET PROVINCES

EDITED · BY · HERBERT · VANDERHOOF

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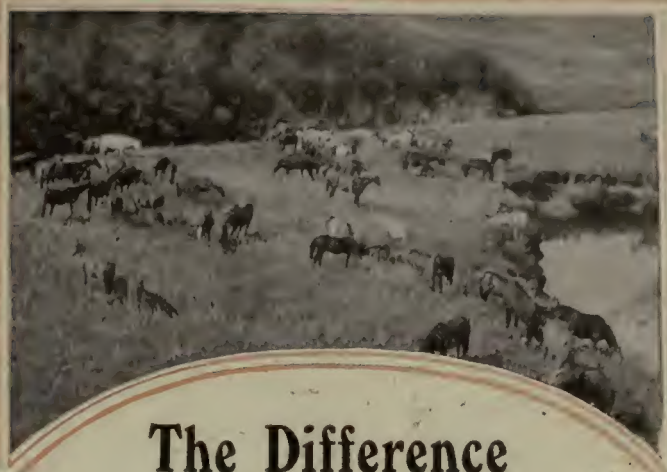

The Difference

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THE
CANADA WEST

A MAGAZINE of the SUNSET PROVINCES

VOLUME II.
NUMBER 3

A Growing Country for Young Men

By F. T. Griffin

YOUTH is always interesting both to itself and to those who have it only as a memory; and there is nothing that appeals more strongly to people of healthy, human sympathies than the problem that meets each young man as the time comes for him to take his place in the world of men:—What shall he do? Where shall he go? Where is there an opening?

To many of these the answer to the problem lies in the West—in the new land; and all over the civilized world thousands of young men are turning their steps toward Western Canada. Canada is a young man's country—virile, rich, responsive; ready to test his energy and skill and perseverance, ready to give him the return that energy and skill and perseverance have a right to demand.

It has been said that Opportunity knocks but once at any door. This is not true. I have always been a strong believer in the message of hope contained in Walter Malone's beautiful lines, entitled, "Opportunity's Reply":

"They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.

"Wail not for precious chances passed away;
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

"Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped;
To vanished joys be blind, and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come."

Eastern Canada began the migration into Canada West, and Minnesota, the Dakotas and Iowa were the first of the States to follow. Now from every state and territory they are coming. The young American farmer finds the people and the life this side of the line not very different from the people and the life in the States, particularly if he be from one of the Western States; and he finds land as good and perhaps better than that he has left selling for a fraction of the price. The Americans claim to have discovered Western Canada and its possibilities. However that may be it is certain that they and the country seem to fit each other's needs.

The Old Country, too, sends a regularly increasing stream of immigrants. The people are far better informed in Great Britain about us than ever before, and the interest is very widespread. They are beginning to realize that a visit to a few cities in Eastern Canada does not mean that they are seeing Canada. Even if they travel through the wonderful wheat belt and view the waving fields, and get some idea of the other productions of these provinces, and of the extent of the cattle business, and of the enterprising nature of the cities; and even go on over the mountains and find other beautiful and progressive cities of the coast, and perhaps learn en route something about the mining and the timber: they are beginning to realize that even then they have only commenced to see Canada.

From Continental Europe, too, the settlers are coming. During the five years preceding July 1st, 1905, Canada had something over 500,000 immigrants. Of these the United States sent, in round numbers, 182,000, the United Kingdom 186,000 and the continent of Europe 152,000. For the year 1905 seventy-four per cent. of the immigrants were English speaking. Nearly one-half of those who come bring money and buy land. Naturally this country is building up rapidly and safely.

A growing country is the place for young men and if one thing is more certain than all others about this, the Last West, it is that it is growing. Winnipeg thirty-five years ago had a population of 200. Now it has over 100,000. Then the citizens had to import their flour. Now they export some 70,000,000 bushels of wheat a year. Then there was not a mile of railroad west of Winnipeg. Now three transcontinental lines center here. And this history of one city is illustrative of the progress of Western Canada. The twentieth century belongs to Canada, they say. And Canada belongs to the twentieth century and to the twentieth century's young men.

Of course, no matter how wealthy the land, how many the opportunities, how equal the chances, the young man must do his part, or success fails to come. Earnest work and a high standard—these are essentials; and from what one sees and hears, it would seem that the majority of young men who settle here possess them. On every side one hears stories of homesteaders who have come here with little beside determination and have succeeded far beyond their hopes.

There is in a new country a neighborliness that is delightful. It gets smoothed out into conventional indifference as a country gets older. But where all are striving together under similar conditions and with similar hopes and fears, neighbors rejoice in one another's achievements. And so from here and there come stories of how this one and that one have worked and won; how one man has paid for his farm with his first year's crops, and another has bought more land and has money in the bank, and a third has gained health and strength from the outdoor life. Western Canada is not a land of "gambler's chances," but of safe and abundant return for honest work.

All good settlers are welcome in a new country; but Canada seems to beckon with particular cordiality to young men. And for the right sort of young man, steady, willing, level-headed, ready for his share of the world's work and looking forward to a fitting return for his labors, I can wish nothing better than a place in this new West.

The Welcome of the Cities

Prince Albert

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

NORTH lies the river; north the unmapped wild;
I am the North; my emblem is the pine.
My men have dared the rapids and the trail,
And wrested from the wilderness its yield.
The logs go thundering down my skids, and dart,
Swift-borne, to meet the mercy of the saw
That rips them to a thousand golden piles,
And raises my keen anthem to the sky.

Look well, Outlander, ere you brave my house.
No dainty place it is; my bearded men
Labor and sleep and labor yet again
In camp and dredge, by dog-train, trap and field.
Look well. To those who come clear-eyed and strong,
Greeting, O Brothers, from my Northern pines!

The Finding of Bobby

By Hubert McBean Johnston

Author of "The Gore Valley Viaduct"

BOBBY Graham was right up against it. His watch, his scarf pin, his overcoat—in fact, everything that could be converted into ready money, were already in the hands of an esteemed relative whose worthy nephew was stoney broke. Sitting on a bench in the Square, Bobby meditatively punched holes in the gravel with a bit of a stick and kicked the smaller stones from in front of him. He had four pockets in his coat, four in his waistcoat and three in his trousers, or, in all, eleven pockets; Bobby had gone through them five times over, making, he estimated, a gross total of fifty-five pockets—and without finding a single copper.

True, a collect telegram to Graham, Sr., San Francisco, Cal., would have brought on funds by return wire. But Bobby had allowed himself the luxury of a disagreement with his pater and a reconciliation brought about so would mean that Graham, Jr. must eat humble pie for some time to come.

Bobby picked up a small stone and shied it across the walk at a sparrow who disdained to notice the "Keep off the Grass" sign.

"Got any tobacco, stranger?" said a voice behind him.

A short, stocky man was holding out a pipe expectantly.

"Not even that!" replied Bobby with a mirthless laugh.

The other man looked at him.

"What's the matter?" he questioned "Are you up against it?"

"Blind against it," replied Bobby tersely.

The stocky one looked him over in much the same way as a bookie or a prospective buyer would size up a race-horse.

"A sport, I reckon," he drawled, at last finishing his scrutiny. "Would you take a job if it was offered you?"

"Try me," replied Bobby laconically.

Five minutes later, Robert Graham, Jr., son of the head of the firm of Graham & Co., Bankers, San Francisco, rejoiced in the proud title of assistant-janitor to the Gainsboro apartment house.

To say that Bobby liked his new work would be exaggeration. But to do him justice, he made the best of it and buckled in with a will that made his new employer chuckle. A treasure of Bobby's type capable of doing his work properly—including that of his employer as well—was not to be picked up every day for four dollars a week and board. Inheriting the persistence and stiff upper lip that had been the making of his father, Bobby Graham never flinched from what came his way. Anything—hanging the sign "Self Contained Flat To Let," helping new tenants move their piano to the third floor, or rolling the garbage barrels out the rear entrance, was all in a day's work and, as such, he did it. As a matter of fact, he did the dirty work all the way through, while Brinks, the janitor, reserved for himself the lucrative privilege of appearing before the tenants.

"I'll hit something yet," argued Bobby, "and get home in proper style."

But four dollars a week does not go far, and to the people at home, Bobby wrote little news. He told them he was living at the Gainsboro—he would have kept even that to himself had it it not been that there was a certain regular, blue envelope for which he

looked. Finances were something that Bobby never mentioned at all and for all that he occasionally felt very sorry for himself, the experience was doing him good and he was coming nearer to guessing the riddle of life than he had ever been before.

It was a Wednesday morning and Bobby had just finished taking out the garbage. The negro hall-boy, resplendent in all the glory of gold buttons and gilt braid, came down stairs. "You're wanted at the telephone," he announced.

Bobby looked up in surprise.

"Who the dickens—" he began and then halted. "All right, my brass-bound friend," he replied.

"Hullo," he called into the receiver, "Who's this?"

"Don't you know?" replied the wire.

Bobby gasped for breath. Involuntarily, he put up his hand, smoothed his hair and, forgetting that he lacked one, endeavored to straighten his cravat.

"Well, of all the—where in the world did you come from?" he at last articulated.

Celeste Colling's soft laugh was his answer.

"I'm spending a week or two here with Grace Arthur, an old school friend of mine," she said.

Bobby mentally cursed.

"When are you coming to see me?" sung the wire.

Bobby cursed again. But it was bound to come sooner or later and there was no way of skirking it. The question flashed through his mind where was he to get a decent suit of clothes, but that was not the point. *Here* was a question to be answered, and answered now.

"Why any time you say," he responded in his best company tones.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Celeste, "George Mann and Grace are going to the Grand Opera to-morrow night. Of course, Grace insists that I shall go with her; but George does not know that I am here yet. Why can't you get a couple of seats in the same box—lower G—and call for me here to-morrow evening?"

Bobby groaned inwardly.

"The very idea!" he assented weakly. Couldn't be better!"

"Very well, then" said Celeste; "I'll see you to-morrow evening."

"Yes, to-morrow evening," replied Bobby. "Good-bye!" Hanging up the receiver, he added, "Damn!"

Now, considering that it is a manifest impossibility to take a lady to the theatre, provide her with flowers, carriage and supper (all of which is right and proper), under twenty to twenty-five dollars at the very least, Bobby Graham was unable to figure it out. It was within a day of the end of the month and he could draw twelve dollars from the janitor toward the amount; but there was still twelve unaccounted for. After a satisfactory interview with his employer, Bobby called up the theatre and reserved seats. He was still twelve or thirteen dollars shy, however, and on the top of that lacked evening clothes. It was with vague notions of attempting a hold-up on the first prosperous citizen he chanced to meet, that he pulled on his working clothes and started down street.

As Bobby passed Cohn Brothers' big clothing establishment on the corner, a crowd in front attracted his attention. The window had been cleared and built to represent a miniature stage and in the middle, a hypnotist performing with a couple of subjects, paused at intervals to bring forward various signs descriptive of the wonderful values and low prices of Cohn Brothers' fall goods. Bobby watched him for a few minutes, idly listening to the comments around him.

"They say," said a man at his elbow, "that he will give ten dollars for a fellow who will go to sleep in the window from now till to-morrow morning."

"By Jove!" muttered Bobby to himself. "Here is something worth considering."

Half an hour later Robert Graham, Jr., slept the hypnotists' sleep of the just in Cohn Brothers' window, greatly to the consequent advertising of sundry fall overcoats which stood about his couch.

It was four o'clock the following afternoon when he got out. The first thing Bobby did with his ten dollars was to make a rush for a near-by florist and order violets.

"Now," he mused to himself, considering a daring plan which he had concocted, "here's for that dress suit."

From the janitor's key-board at the Gainsboro, he carefully selected a key, Had the worthy soul who occupied "Apartment 22," chanced to come in a few moments later, a surprise would have awaited him.

"My, but that's good!" said Bobby to himself in praise of "22's" soap. "A very fair steel too" he added, critically inspecting the absent gentleman's razor; "and what a fine thing it is to be an average sized man," he added as he slipped into the other's evening clothes and drew on his patent leathers.

Then, his overcoat collar turned up and his hat pulled down, Bobby walked down the stairs, carefully avoiding the elevator and walked out of the door. It was just a quarter to eight when he called for Celeste.

Celeste, dressed for the evening it was true, was on the edge of tears.

"O Bobby!" she cried reproachfully; "how could you do such a thing?"

The expression on Bobby's face was one of mystified innocence.

"Do such a thing?" he questioned vaguely. "I don't understand."

Celeste looked hard at him.

"Now Bobby," she said, "this afternoon—Cohn Brothers' window, you know."

"Cohn Brothers," he replied at last as though trying to recall a name he had once heard somewhere. "Cohn Brothers. No, I don't believe I ever heard of them before. Why? What have they been doing?"

Celeste straightened up.

"Bobby Graham!" she cried indignantly. "Don't you try to tell me. I saw you there myself hypnotized and asleep in their window today and—What are you laughing at?"

Bobby Graham's air of superior wisdom was a masterpiece.

"Celeste," he said, "I'm ashamed of you; first, that you should be taken in and second that you should have believed such a thing of me. Why, dear, that's what that man's paid for—to mesmerise people looking in the window and make them think they see things that aren't there at all. That's what he did to you and you never knew it."

Celeste looked at him half convinced and then the expression of absolute truth on Bobby's face inclined her to believe him.

"O Bobby!" she gasped in relief, "I was sure you wouldn't do such a thing. And just to think that I thought you were—"

"Tush, tush!" cried Bobby magnanimously. "That's all right. I don't know what you thought and don't care; but I do know this: if we don't hurry, we'll be late."

"We are to meet Grace and George at the theatre," said Celeste.

In the darkness of the carriage, Bobby heaved a sigh of relief. Everything was going splendidly. Oh, if it might but continue.

Celeste laid her hand across Bobby's arm.

"Bobby, " she said softly, "would you like to go back home. I—I think they would all like you to."

"Not unless the governor says so himself," replied Bobby gruffly.

"He did. He said so himself as I was leaving and he gave me this to give you." Celeste slipped an envelope into his hand as she spoke. To tell of the further conversation that took place in the carriage would be a grave breach of confidence and it is to be hoped the reader will not ask it. Sufficient to say that in due course of time they arrived at the theatre and found Mr. George Mann and Miss Grace Arthur already there.

Bobby was introduced, and Mr. Mann regarded him with an expression of the utmost astonishment. Horror of horrors! Mr. Mann was not in evening clothes and was regarding Bobby's unpleasantly.

"I think Mr. Graham and I have met before," said Mr. Mann icily.

"If I am not mistaken—"

Bobby winked and gesticulated frantically. Mr. Mann paid no attention.

"As I was telling you," he said turning to Miss Arthur, "someone broke into our apartment this afternoon and stole my evening clothes and as Mr. Graham here is our assistant janitor and as these clothes—"

Celeste's tone was like a Greenland icicle.

"Bobby Graham," she cried, "you don't mean to tell me—"

Bobby sat down on the nearest chair.

"Yes," he confessed desperately, "I do mean to tell you anything you've a mind to know."

And then out came the story. Long before he had finished, the whole party—with the exception of poor Bobby—were convulsed in paroxysms of mirth. Even Celeste, angry as she was, finally yielded, with the rest. As he finished, George Mann clapped him on the shoulder.

"You'd better come and stay with me till you go back to 'Frisco, old man," said he laughing. "And I guess my other clothes will fit you as well."

The Silver Trail

By Evelyn Gunne

IT dips beyond the mountain,
It lies beyond the lea:—
And where it leads we follow
To learn its mystery.

It shines against the morning
A jewelled thread of light;
It lures, it calls, it beckons
Through all the day and night.

Where leads it? That we know not
Only its silver gleam
Compels us and we follow
The vision and the dream.

No straining eye may sever
The thin ethereal veil,
That at the wide horizon
Enfolds the Silver Trail.

BRICK YARDS, ROSTHERN

Rosthern: a City of Elevators

By George Braden

Secretary of Rosthern Board of Trade

EARLY in the nineties a small party of Russian Mennonites made their little homes in the great Saskatchewan Valley where Rosthern now stands. It was a meagre handful of huts then, and to the traveler who leans out of the window of the Canadian Northern train today to count the eight huge elevators standing beside the track, and the rows and rows of red box-cars that carry away the wheat of the largest individual wheat-shipping point in Canada, possibly in the world, it is hard to believe that only fifteen or twenty years have elapsed since the first peasant unloaded his settler's effects from his ox-cart.

Not until 1898 did the settlers begin to come in good earnest, but since that time a steady influx of people has yearly been added to Rosthern's census. The population is drawn from a great number of the nations of Europe, and almost a dozen different languages are spoken. They are a thrifty and orderly folk, who have in no small measure helped to build up the prosperity of Rosthern, and make for the welfare of the country.

While in many other districts the question of labor has assumed alarming proportions, in this district the supply has always equalled the demand, which proves a distinct blessing to the farmer in many ways.

The soil of the district is of a rich black loam, usually from twelve to twenty-four inches in depth, with a sandy clay subsoil. This is more easily cultivated and much more economical for the intending settler than the heavy gumbo soil met in some other districts. The water supply is abundant, and the two branches of the great Saskatchewan River flow through the settlement. The fuel question is not one that troubles the people of Rosthern, for the situation of the town on the southern edge of the great northern timber region, and with the wooded banks of the Saskat-

chewan Rivers to draw upon as well, is in a position in this regard that is unusually convenient for a "prairie town." Scattered through the district are also large bluffs of poplar, which have a rapid growth and add a new beauty to the landscape.

With some fifteen years' record, Rosthern has yet to suffer a crop failure of any sort. The warm, well-drained soil enables the district to rank as one of the earliest in which

richness of the prairie grasses which cover the ground to the extent of about two tons to the acre, make this a splendid stock country, as both cattle and horses thrive exceedingly well on the native grass made into hay. In fact, horses winter on the open prairie and do well without any care whatsoever, only the young stock needing to be fed at all. So the cattle pen is put up beside the red elevator, and the stock car is run on the siding

CROSSING SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER

seeding can be started in the spring. The rainfall has always been plentiful in the right season and the nature of the soil ensures the early ripening of the harvests.

As well as the grain elevators with their capacity of over a quarter of a million bushels, there are the white pens for cattle along the railway, and the red backs of Durham and Hereford cattle are glimpsed as the train passes by. The abundance of water and the

in the same string where the box car is backed up under the spouts to take in the golden grain.

The marketing of grain and stock is an easy problem. Cattle, hogs, and coarse grains, as well as hay, find a ready market both to the north and on the plains to the south, in districts where conditions do not allow of their being grown with the ease and in the quantities that the Rosthern district affords. The Canadian Nor-

thern's Prince Albert branch carries the produce directly to this market. Besides the eight large elevators, there are two grist mills in Rosthern, for converting the raw wheat into flour, and the stores and other places of business are ample evidence of the town's prosperity.

Besides the wheat and cattle, there are fields of a splendid brick clay, recognized as one of the best available in the province, on the north side of the town. One large yard is in operation, and another is now being organized, but there is room for several others, the market being considerably larger than the supply, so good is the reputation of the product that has already been made and sold. The closeness of fuel and the abundance of labor make the manufacture of brick at this point cheaper than at any other place in the West.

But Rosthern people have not been so busy raising forty-bushel wheat and prize cattle and thoroughbred horses that they have forgotten to provide for the children and the higher needs of the community.

A staff of six teachers are engaged in public school work in one of the most attractive school buildings of the province. There are between two hundred and fifty and three hundred students, who are taken through the sixth standard and fitted for teachers directly at home, without the need of "going away to school." A college where high school work only is taken up is maintained by the Mennonite Church, and has an attendance of some fifty pupils. The prospective settler need not worry about Mary and Johnnie and the baby's securing school advantages in Rosthern, and Mrs. Settler can pack all their books in her trunk without fear of their remaining unused.

The church steeple is a prominent feature of Rosthern's landscape. There are no fewer than seven large church buildings in the town, and regular services are held by the following denominations: Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Lutheran, Mennonite and Swedenborgian. This speaks for the progressiveness and the prosperity of the community, for no "frontier town" possesses seven churches, or the desire for them.

Rosthern is a business town and a busy town, and it is constantly growing. Where the Russian settler looked over the bare, gray prairie fifteen years ago, and saw only the grass waving in the wind; where the coyote and the deer wandered along the silent banks of the great Saskatchewan, and the Indian war-party not so very long ago followed their trails, the farmer sees miles of rippling wheat and pleasant homes dotted over the level. The smoke of the railroad stains the pale azure of the prairie sky; the bricklayer and the carpenter are busy; the children frolic on the side-walks at dusk. Rosthern has arrived.

Mother Goose Up-to-date

By Caroline C. Curtiss

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum
And a hairpin
And a collarbutton
And a penny
And a match
And a tack—
And he said, "My, but ain't that cook careless?"

A Paternal Corporation

A Character Sketch of the Canadian Pacific Railway

By E. Cora Hind

PAPER NO. I

IT is possible in this year of grace 1907 to step from a transatlantic steamer at Quebec aboard the waiting "Overseas Limited" and in eighty-eight hours step from the same train to the waiting Empress of China, India or Japan at the Vancouver docks, making the distance of 3,055 miles in four days and four hours. In this journey you are never once off Canadian soil, but traverse portions of six of the nine provinces of Canada; view the oldest city of the Great Dominion, the homes of the Habitants of Quebec, made famous by Dr. Drummond; the stock and dairy farms; the lumbering of the Ottawa valley; the heavily timbered regions of the north shores of Lake Superior; the twenty-four mile inland water front at Fort William with its array of elevators, freight sheds and coal docks; the further timber and rich mineral region of New Ontario; Winnipeg the gateway city of the prairies; the nine hundred miles of wheat fields that stretch from that city to the Rocky Mountains; the unsurpassed scenery of three mountain chains; the glories of the Thompson and Fraser rivers, and pause only

"Where west is east beside the land locked blue."

This is the most gigantic "one company railway system" the world has ever seen. So perfect is its system that children of the tender age of six, and invalids of advanced years have made the railway journey from coast to coast without attendant, without mishap and without discomfort. The chief grumble of the newly arrived British immigrant of the feminine gender, is that she never sees her box from the time it is checked in Quebec, until it is delivered to her in Vancouver. She admits, grudgingly to be sure, that it does turn up in Vancouver, without fail when checked for that point.

An enterprise so gigantic in construction and so far reaching in the scope of its influence (for it is no exaggeration to say that the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway has been one of the prime factors in welding the scattered provinces into the Dominion of Canada) is well worth studying. It is not possible in the space of one short article to deal adequately with so large a subject, but a sketch of the early history of the enterprise may pave the way for an intelligent understanding of subsequent papers on the same subject.

A short route to China via the Ottawa valley and across the plains of the West was a favorite dream of La Salle, and it is supposed that he valued his grant of land just above the last and fiercest of the rapids of the St. Lawrence largely as a base from which to carry on his explorations of such short route. Tradition has it, that Lachine Rapids got their name from "La Chine" the name given in derision by La Salle's friends to this homestead. La Salle never even saw the Rocky Mountains, but just two hundred and twenty years after his day of dreams beside the rapids of the St. Lawrence, the first through train of the Canadian Pacific, carrying mails, passengers and freight, thundered across the old homestead on its long journey west to the Pacific coast, and mail for China was among the bags. Thus was the fulfilment better than the rosiest dream of the great Frenchman.

As the Canadian Pacific was built primarily as an immigration road, the next article of this series will deal with the number of immigrants carried, the methods of conveyance, distribution, etc.—Editor.

Who was the first projector of a railway from coast to coast through all Canadian territory seems to be a somewhat disputed point, but a letter from one Major Carmichael Smyth addressed to "Sam Slick" and dated in 1847 is still on record, in which he strongly urges the construction of such a road as an Imperial enterprise.

It was twenty years later that the "Act of Union" bound Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick into the then Dominion of Canada, and one of the conditions of that Union was the building of the Intercolonial railway to bind these provinces together. When in 1871 British Columbia entered the Dominion it seems as if the question of a transcontinental railway was first seriously considered, the Pacific province insisting upon communication being thus established between the widely severed East and West. Perhaps the rebellion of 1870, when it took Colonel Wolseley ninety-five days to reach the Red River from Toronto may have lent point to the arguments. Be that as it may, preliminary survey work was seriously undertaken in that year. When in 1877 Sir Sandford Fleming, chief government engineer, made his second report to the Parliament of Canada, it was shown that $3,136,615.75 had been expended on survey and prospecting work, and though the line was determined with a fair degree of definiteness through what were known as the woodland and prairie sections, the best route to take through the Rocky Mountains was as undetermined as ever. In those days the idea seems to have been firmly fixed that the road must run through Prince Albert and Edmonton. And the Yellowhead, Pine River and Howse passes were all talked about as the possible route through the Rockies.

Sir John A. Macdonald, with what in those days seemed mad recklessness, promised the British Columbia people that if they would come into the Dominion the road should be built in ten years. Sir John's idea was to have the road built by private enterprise, subsidized by the Government to the extent of thirty million dollars in cash and a land grant of fifty-four million seven hundred thousand acres. But these offers of subsidy, prodigal in their liberality as viewed from the knowledge of to-day, were entirely ignored by capitalists and contractors and no one made a bid for the honor of building the new line. Time drifted along to 1874 when Sir John's Government was defeated, this railway proposition being one of the elements in its defeat. The Liberals, coming into power, seemed readily to have assumed the burdens and pledges of the previous Government. Perhaps the feeling was that Canada was too strongly in favor of the national railways for them to do anything else.

The year following the election of the Liberal party, it was seen to be impossible that the road should be built within the time named in the original agreement and a new one was sought and obtained with British Columbia, by which there was to be a large yearly expenditure on the construction of railways in that province, and the line of the Canadian Pacific was to be completed eastward as far as Lake Superior, by 1890.

The new Government altered the form of subsidy and offered ten thousand dollars and twenty thousand acres of land per mile of the road, and a Government guarantee of four per cent. on all such additional capital as might be required by those tendering for the work. As far as capitalists and contractors were concerned this offer met with the same fate as the first. No one would touch it. The Government then decided to build the road themselves and at once set about it. Considerable work was done, notably a large part of the section lying between the Red River and Fort William.

In 1879 the Liberal rule came to an end, and with the return of Sir John A. Macdonald to power, the new railway was pushed with the utmost vigor. The scheme of building the road by private enterprise was returned to; Sir Charles Tupper was made Minister of Railways in the new Cabinet, and whatever his friends or foes may have to say of him politically or otherwise,

and no matter how adversely they may criticise the bargain he made, there can be no two opinions about the vigor with which he prosecuted this great project.

It was a momentous date in the history of Canada, when Sir Charles Tupper introduced into the House of Commons, of Canada, a resolution giving effect to the provisional agreement that had been entered into between the Government and these men, who were afterwards known as "The Syndicate." The agreement met with fierce opposition from the Liberals in the House, though Sir Charles Tupper claimed and with every show of truth, that it was a more advantageous agreement for the country and the Government than any that had yet been proposed. The war waged hot and judging from the Canadian Hansard of that time the arguments were by no means always wise or patriotic on either side, but in the end the resolution passed and on February 17th, 1881, the agreement received the Royal assent and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company its charter.

The contract in brief was about as follows: The Government were to complete and hand over to the Company the lines then under construction, amounting to some seven hundred and thirteen miles, which represented an outlay of thirty million dollars. The remainder of the line from the terminus of the then unfinished Canada Central Railway known as Calendar, a distance of 1900 miles, was to be constructed by May, 1891. The standard of construction was to be up to that of the Union Pacific Railway. The subsidy was to be twenty-five million dollars and twenty-five million acres of land. Materials used in first construction of the road were to be admitted free. The company's lands, if unsold, were to be free from taxation for twenty years, and its property was to be exempt from taxation. Right of way over Government lands was to be free and no competing line was to be allowed to enter the Canadian West over the southern boundary for twenty years. All the world knows now that the Company got the long end of the stick, and that it would have paid the Canadian Government twice, nay, three times over, to have borrowed every dollar necessary to construct the road and have retained the twenty-five million acres of land. It is always easy to be wise afterwards, but at the time the bargain was made the value of the land grant was by no means an easy thing to prove. Very few Canadians themselves had any faith in it. The people of Great Britain, where the money would have had to have been borrowed, absolutely none. The men who undertook the work probably did know pretty well how valuable a thing they were getting, for some of them, at least, were familiar with the country, but they showed their faith by subscribing one million sterling before the Canadian Government paid a dollar of the subsidy. They had before them the example of the Government spending thirty million dollars on the construction of seven hundred and thirteen miles and they had two thousand five hundred in all to build in order to reach tidewater on each coast. The majority of the men were shrewd Scots, either by birth or descent, and if they knew how to make a bargain they also knew how to keep it, as the building of the road is absolutely without a parallel in the annals of railway construction, for the speed and quality of the work. When they took up the work over three and a half millions had been spent on surveys and yet about all that was known of the section to be built through by way of the Ottawa valley was that the country was badly adapted for railway construction, and of the mountain section that no really desirable route had been located. It was not very encouraging.

At the start the new company made a most momentous change in the route, by which Prince Albert and Edmonton were abandoned along with the Yellowhead and Howse passes, thus losing all results of Government surveys. It is amusing now to remember how the war raged about this change of route. Every child who was in school in those days, got better grounded on what was known or thought or dreamed about Rocky

Mountain geography, than on any other part of the world's surface. "Pro Bono Publico," "Veritas" and all the others who write to the newspapers, usually about the things they are most ignorant of, filled columns of papers all over Canada with the merits and demerits of this change of route. It was debated in country schoolhouses, and was a bone of contention at all political gatherings, but while the country wrangled the road was growing. The Canada Central had been purchased and connection made at Brockville with American roads, the line from Ottawa to Montreal had been secured from the Quebec Government which gave connection to tidewater for the summer-time at least. The proposed line did not touch the richest part of Ontario, and in order to be able later to compete for the carrying of these products of that section on their way west, an arrangement was made for leasing the Ontario and Quebec railway between Toronto and Montreal.

The new Company devoted its energies to the section of the road west of Winnipeg, for, with the change of route, Winnipeg had come into the game.

Compared with the north shore and the Rocky Mountains, the prairie section was easy and yet the amount of work put in on that section was enormous. In three years nine hundred and sixty-two miles were completed, together with sixty-six miles of sidings. The average earthwork was seventeen thousand cubic yards per mile and every stone and stick of timber had, together with food for men and teams, to be brought from an ever-receding base of supplies. All timber for bridges was brought from Rat Portage (now Kenora) one hundred and forty miles east of Winnipeg.

An official record of the time made on the prairie section shows the greatest length of mileage made in any one month was ninety-two miles in July of 1883, the highest daily average for several weeks being 3.46 for the eight weeks ending August 5th of that year and the greatest distance made in any one day being 6.38 on July 28th 1883.

The bulk of this work was contracted for by Langdon & Shepherd of St. Paul and sublet in sixty small contracts. As soon as a gang completed one section they were moved one hundred and fifty miles ahead and in six weeks they were pretty sure to hear the toot of the engines behind them.

The organization appears to have been almost perfect in the matter of both material and food supplies.

One of the toughest pieces of work on the whole line, from coast to coast, was round the north shore of Lake Superior. Something like seven million dollars worth of dynamite was used on this section alone and ten million dollars altogether was expended on one stretch of ninety miles.

The route through the mountains having been definitely changed from the Yellowhead to the Kicking Horse Pass, with all added difficulties, no time was lost in getting to work on the new surveys.

Up to "The Great Divide" which from this time onward acquired a new meaning, the work, though difficult, was not extraordinary, but the trouble from this point on, lay in climbing down again, a difficult task to accomplish with grace. The Kicking Horse River, which from this point flows westward to the Pacific, is a wild stream flowing through limestone almost as hard as granite and has a drop of eleven hundred feet in three and one half miles. It is forty-four miles from the summit to the mouth of the pass and the road was built with a total drop of two thousand three hundred and fifty-seven feet in those forty-four miles. The Kicking Horse River was crossed nine times, beside a number of lesser streams. One million five hundred thousand cubic yards were excavated, exclusive of the tunnels, and of these three hundred and seventy thousand were solid rock. The drilling had all to be done by hand because it was impossible to get in machinery.

But troubles did not end with the Kicking Horse Pass. That was bad, but the Selkirks had yet to be crossed. By the spring of 1885 the road being built eastward from Vancouver, or

rather from Port Moody, had neared Kamloops; in fact the two roads were only two hundred and twenty miles apart, but those miles were across two ranges of Mountains, the lofty and awe-inspiring Selkirks and the Eagle range. Through the latter Mr. Moberly, the Government engineer, had found the Eagle Pass, literally by following the flight of an eagle, but there was no pass known through the Selkirks. Mr. Moberly suggested that if found at all it would be up a branch of the Illecille-waet River, and Major Rogers, the chief engineer of the Company at that time found it. He was the first, either white man or Indian, who was known to make the crossing, but the rails of the Canadian Pacific Railroad followed very closely upon his trail. As the months of 1885 flew by, excitement as to where and when the two lines would meet became intense. The year 1885 was an eventful one in the Canadian West, as it saw the rise and suppression of the second Riel rebellion and then and there the country at large knew what it was to have a transcontinental route, even though the soldiers had to walk in ice water half way to their knees around the gaps of the north shore. They went home at midsummer in first class coaches.

At last came the announcement that although several miles still separated the two railway gangs, the first through train for the Pacific had left Montreal. Winnipeg lived on excitement that year and thousands thronged the stations to see the train composed of sleeper, diner, first class, colonist, mail, and express cars as it passed through the city. Westwards it tore across the prairies and every little hamlet on its way greeted it with cheers and flags flying. At Calgary the representatives of the Blackfoot nation came down as guests of the Government to witness the great event. The train steamed in at night and when they heard the noise and saw the great headlight they fell down and worshipped, and small wonder that they should do so. On passed the train up, up, down, down, and up again, and at last on the fifth of November there was just one rail to lay. Out there amid the awful grandeur of the everlasting mountains stood the little group of men who had conceived and carried to a successful issue this gigantic undertaking in just five and a half years less than the time stipulated in their contract. It was a characteristically British scene, no bands, no flags, no applauding multitude, no banquet, no speeches. The rail was placed, Sir Donald A. Smith (Lord Strathcona),one of the promoters and a director of the road, drove the last spike, a silver one, the waiting train passed over it, while the united gangs of workmen cheered and then the little party of directors went fishing.

There was one little ceremony however, that showed the bond between the Motherland and the new. The telegraph had followed the line and the driving of the last spike was duly wired to Ottawa and cabled to Britain, Before the sun set that day the following message was received in the mountains:

"I am desired by the Governor-General to acquaint you, that he has received Her Majesty's commands to convey to the people of Canada her congratulations on the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Her Majesty has watched its progress with much interest; and hopes for the future success of a work of such value and importance to the Empire." Kipling voiced this characteristic when he wrote in the Seven Seas,

"Deeper than speech our love,
Stronger than life our tether,
But we do not fall on the neck or kiss
when we come together."

And thus was the great work accomplished and Canada had her transcontinental railway. By June, 1886, a regular daily service was running and since that every year has been one of progress, until at present the Canadian Pacific Railway controls 9,487 miles of road in Canadian and 2,394 miles in American territory. In 1,887 the monthly earnings of the road were three hundred thousand dollars; in 1907 they were six and one half millions monthly.

A Quicksand Bottom

By Robert J. C. Stead

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWING

When the street gate clicked behind Robert Brown he felt that all in life that was worth striving for had escaped his grasp.

For the third and final time he had pleaded his case; for the third and final time he had been told, kindly, gently, almost lovingly, but with the firmness of a woman's unalterable intention, that his case was hopeless. He had accepted defeat like a man, with a steady voice agreeing that she did right, that her own judgment must prevail, but vowing a love which, while it might be concealed, could never be extinguished. But now the fresh night breeze beat up against his flushed and burning cheeks, as, utterly dejected, he made his way along the deserted village street to his lodgings.

In his room he sat down on the bed, chin on hands, and elbows on knees, staring blankly into the past and scarce daring to think of the future, while the little clock ticked loud in sympathy until the first flush of the sun's glory crept up the eastern sky. The early rays shot in at his window before he stretched his exhausted frame on the couch, and the cheery ringing of the dinner-bell was his next recollection.

After dinner he walked far over the brown prairies, just springing to joyous life with the breath of spring. At first his step was slow and purposeless, but as the Manitoba air pumped vigor into every muscle of his lithe young body resolution again took shape in his mind, and he returned to the village with something of his former spirit. He was now calm and decided; he had accepted the inevitable. He would leave Fairview forever, and lose himself in the wonderful West that was then beginning to attract general attention. All his wordly possessions would not muster a hundred dollars, but he meant to make use of his rival, who, he felt, apart from matters of the heart, would prove a good friend. Howard Archer was a private banker, a young man of good standing, marked abilities and splendid prospects in life. As Brown thought of these things he was forced to admit that Miss Raymond's choice was not surprising.

Brown made his way into the banker's private office, and for a moment the two men faced each other without speaking. Brown was the one to break the silence.

"Howard," he said, with an effort at composure, "I need money."

"Yes."

"As a financial security I am valueless, but I mean to go west — the farther the better. I think there may be a place for me somewhere in Saskatchewan. Will you help me?"

Into the banker's quiet eyes leapt an expression in which sympathy and satisfaction were oddly mixed. This was the first intimation he had received of the result of the last night's meeting.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"Five hundred dollars would help me to make a start."

The banker drew his cheque book to him, and in a minute the money was paid over. Archer extended his

HE SAT DOWN ON THE BED, CHIN ON HANDS, AND ELBOWS ON KNEES

hand. With just the slightest hesitation Robert took it, and the two men grasped each other warmly. "I congratulate you," said Brown, and, as his voice broke, he turned away. "You are man all the way through," said the other.

II

Six years later a well-dressed stranger entered the bank at Fairview and requested a private interview with the owner. In a little room in the rear, after a complimentary reference to the banker's snug premises and the prosperous district, the stranger launched into business.

"My name is Forely—George Forely," he began. For several years I have been a broker, a real estate dealer and general commission agent in Winnipeg. I number among my clients the heads of many of the best houses in the city. If they have confidence in me, it is not without reason. Men who could count their money on three fingers four years ago are rich to-day as a result of the opportunities I have placed in their way. Of course, had they failed to grasp these opportunities they would still have been among the plodders. 'There is a tide in the affairs of men'—you know the quotation. We have made money in Winnipeg property—everybody has. Men who were clerks when you started this bank, Mr. Archer, are captains of finance to-day. Oh; it's been a mint, Winnipeg has." This, with a deep, complacent sigh.

"But that isn't what I came to speak to you about," he went on. "You doubtless know Winnipeg as well as I do. Maybe better. But I have something now that beats anything we have ever done in Manitoba, or Canada, for that matter, *by a mile*. A genuine ground-floor proposition, into which I am admitting a few men of character and standing in different parts of the country. Character—position—is what I want, rather than capital; I can get barrels of capital for a cinch of this kind. I want men like you, whom I can point to and say, 'Mr. Archer, of Fairview, is one of our principal stock-holders.'

"Now our scheme, briefly, is this," continued Forely. "And while you are under no obligation whatever to join us in this venture—this certainty, I should say—what I tell you is of course in strict business confidence. I have secured an advance report showing the location of the new Inter-Ocean railway, and have definitely located their principal division point in one of our Western provinces. For obvious reasons I do not state the exact spot as yet, but everything I tell you is absolutely correct—absolutely. Ask your Winnipeg agents who I am and what my word is worth. Now sir, I know to a hundred yards where that railway center will be. On the bank of an important river, surrounded by excellent country. To-day it is a settler's homestead; ten years from now it will be the home of a hundred thousand people. At least four branch lines are to be built from it at once, and more will radiate from that center as the development of the country requires. I have in my grip the deed from the homesteader of the land—I have bought for $2,000 a property worth millions. That's what I propose to let you into. We will form a company with a million dollars capital, subscribe it ourselves at twenty cents on the dollar, give a block of stock to such officials as seem to need it—I have already sounded both Governments—and throw our land and our stock on the market at the same time. The land is bought now; all we need is money for its organization, management, and advertising. Every daily paper in America will be heralding the possibilities of the new city within a month. That, in brief, is our proposition. How do you like it?"

The banker sat silent for a time. Then, "I am deeply interested," he said.

"I have come to you because you were said to be a man who would entertain a good proposition, and whose name would add weight to the directorate. I can name you many good men who are already with us.

and I can give any reference desired. We were expecting you to take $50,000 stock, and have reserved that amount for you. At twenty cents on the dollar it means only $10,000 cash, and within a month it will be worth a hundred times that. I rest the case now on your good judgment."

Mr. Forely remained in Fairview for some days, while the banker made such inquiries as satisfied him as to the character of the investment that had so unexpectedly presented itself. He ended by subscribing the $50,000, and wishing he might have doubled it.

Then followed days of anxious waiting, days in which routine business was performed as in a dream. But at last it came—the mail in which all the daily papers announced the location of the new railway center, with photographs and maps and big headlines. And the boom was on.

The banker's elation was unbounded, and as the new company's advertising began to appear and to take effect, every mail besieged him with letters offering fabulous figures for a share of his stock. But he held on.

"If it is worth all that to others it is worth it to me," and he held on. He had risked much, for, although his standing was good in the financial world, he traded on his character rather than his capital. It was depositors' money that had gone into the deal. He had taken the chance, and he was determined to reap the benefits.

III

On the eastern slope of a valley that angled across the route of the Inter-Ocean railway were pitched the white tents of a survey party. The first general outline of the route had been made, and engineers were now at work running trial lines and fixing the exact location of the road. The day's work was ended, and men were chatting and smoking before the tents, when from the scrub below them emerged a horseman. He was of the kind typical of Western Canada; swarthy, well-knit, clad in garments whose very strength and plainness made them seem neat and appropriate. The stranger rode his "cayuse" as though the two were one.

Reining up before the principal tent, the horseman inquired if he might see the head engineer. A short, sturdy man, in flannel shirt and top boots, rose from the tomato case where he was sitting, and indicated that he was the person named. The stranger, with a nod, suggested that his business was of private nature, and dismounting, followed the engineer down into the valley.

When they were safely out of hearing the visitor spoke. My business with you, sir, is of an unusual nature, but I shall be quite frank. It may be that we can be of service to each other. I own 200,000 acres of as fine prairie and scrub land as the sun shines on. Most of it lies just south of this valley. To-day it is worth six or seven dollars an acre, but if the Inter-Ocean were to run south of this valley every acre of it would be worth a fortune. Do you see?"

The engineer nodded, and the other continued. "I am willing to consider the claims of others. I have no one dependent upon me, nor am I likely to have, and I can reward service liberally. In fact, I have almost decided to give away a whole township of my very best land, if the railway runs through it, and if I can find a man—an engineer, for instance—who will accept such a return for a service. I have fancied that such an engineer might discover some cause—quicksand, perhaps, or some natural obstruction—that would render it necessary for the road to run south of the valley."

The speaker paused, but the engineer remained silent, and he resumed: "Of course that will upset some present arrangements. A bunch of grafters are already selling city lots where the new railway center is to be. No doubt they have let the head engineer into the good thing," he cautiously added.

"Not they," returned the other, with a touch of bitterness. "I'm

good enough to find their mints for them, but not good enough to share in the currency."

The sun had set, and the valley was in darkness save for the reflected glow in the western skies. As the two men walked back to the camp the engineer remarked, after a long silence, "I have a wife and six children at home."

His visitor made no answer. The engineer spoke again, as though to himself, "At fifty-two a man is tired of wading sloughs and sleeping out."

Presently the camp came in view, the white lights of the tents marking off the hillside in beautiful triangles. The two men stopped, and for a long time the engineer thoughtfully kicked the gravel with the toe of his heavy boot. At last he said, "I am an honest man, and have always done the straight thing with my employers. I have seen them grow wealthy while I grew—old." He paused, as though swallowing something, and added, "There *are* signs of quicksand in the valley."

"Good," said the other, mounting his horse, "Let me hear from you soon as you know anything definite, and you'll find Bob Brown a man of his word."

In a moment he was lost in the darkness.

IV

No slightest intimation of the change in the railroad's plans reached Howard Archer until, with bursting eyeballs, he read it all in the daily paper. There it was, in hard, cruel, crushing type—the Inter-Ocean had altered its route, owing to quicksand encountered in crossing Red Plains Valley. The great city would remain a homestead; the dreams of the promoters were shattered at a blow. Seizing the telephone, Archer called up his Winnipeg agents and demanded the facts. It was all too true. The route was changed, and the company was wrecked. The principal promoters had known of the impending smash for forty-eight hours and had unloaded their stock, but Howard was caught. His depositors would demand restitution. He was liable for $40,000—his entire fortune was less than $20,000. Before him he saw bankruptcy—ruin—disgrace—prison . . . . It was an old man that turned from the telephone.

* * * *

When a correctly dressed stranger registered that afternoon at the Fairview hotel not one of his old acquaintances recognized Robert Brown. Independence, self-reliance, had become his dominant characteristics, but he told himself, the old love flame still burned on. Now, after six years, he would see her again.

Was it love he felt for his former sweetheart, this warm bright afternoon? Love is humble, and in him was only pride. She had had her day; now he was to have his. He had known humiliation, but out of his defeat had he victory—ill-gotten as it was.

Was it not a self-satisfying thing to come back, a millionaire, to scoff at the woman who had rejected him for a country banker? He recalled with pride his resolution to pay back Archer's $500, with the interest to date at 2% per month—the "tough" rates.

Brown rang the bell at the residence with a firm hand, and waited.

Presently the knob turned, and the door swung slowly open. In the hall stood a little girl, a tot of three summers, with bare little dimpled knees and sweet, childish face. But it was the face of another. From the strong chin and sympathetic mouth to the deep thoughful eyes it was the face in miniature of Jessie Raymond. Brown had not thought of this, and he stood, dazed, on the threshold.

"Will 'oo tum in, thir?" said the little girl. Oh that voice, with its baby lisp. Brown had faced a wild country, wild beasts and wilder men, and he had never trembled nor known fear. But to-day, before a little child, he was broken, crushed, abashed. Words would not come, and the child spoke again, her eyes filled with strange

wonder. "Tum in, thir. Mamma'th up thairth."

With an effort Brown drew himself together and said, "No thank you, little girl. I must have mistaken the house."

He turned from the steps, and before long found himself out in the country on the same road he had walked six years ago, now fragrant with the smell of ripening wheat. And, strangely enough, when he retraced his steps they led him, as before, to the banker's private office.

Brown could not trust his voice with commonplace, but rushed right to business. "Archer," he said, "six years ago you let me have $500, and I have come to settle. I invested the money in land, and have prospered amazingly. To-day my holdings are 200,000 acres, worth at least a couple of millions. Now, Archer, no articles were ever drawn up, but I have come to feel that we are partners. You invested the capital, I did the work, and we divide evenly. I have come to tell you that you are a millionaire."

Archer sat dumb. Strangely enough when at last he spoke it was, "I lost $50,000 by the Inter-Ocean changing its route."

"And I made a half a million for you by the same deal," said Brown.

* * * *

Two men and a sweet-faced woman sat late that night, discussing the past and their altered relations for the future. Even little Jessie was allowed to remain up long past bed time in celebration of the great occasion. When at last they were about to retire Brown held the outstretched hand of Mrs. Archer as a brother might have done. Then Baby Jessie clambered to his breast, and, with arms around his neck, laid her cheek against his, saying, "I love Papa and Mamma and *'oo*."

Suddenly the little girl sat up. "Oh Mithter, 'oo'r cheek ith wet," she exclaimed.

And Robert Brown was not ashamed.

SHORTHORNS PASTURING ON THE PRAIRIES OF ALBERTA

The Mecca of the Stock Raiser

By Franklin J. Spencer

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE agricultural history of North America reveals some surprising evolutions. One of these is that of the stock feeding industry in the Central Western States and Western Ontario. The natural adaptability of the soil of those districts for corn, grass and grain raising, the fostering of the industry by the packers of meats and the suitability of all environment to the requirements of stock, have all operated to convert rich, rolling prairie and fertile woodland into corn growing and stock feeding farms. With this evolution in methods has also gone on an evolution in men. The business of stock feeding has developed a peculiar type of man, Its facinations have drawn to it and evolved from it men of special bent, men who follow it for a purpose and men whom no other occupation attracts. Nor is this stock feeding industry a transient one. A certain type of farmer has evolved from it and this type is being perpetuated indefinitely until the excess of the men who adhere to a stock feeding career have begun to look about for opportunities to strike the roots of their enterprises into the earth and to rear about themselves the mammoth industries which their inherent talents and accumulated experiences make possible of accomplishment. Their home land has been becoming crowded until land, rich, deep, black land, the prime essential in the meat producing business, has become higher in price and increasingly difficult to obtain. The situation presages the extention of the stock raising methods to newer haunts and broader fields, and the land of the great opportunities is the Saskatchewan valley, which stretches for nearly two thousand miles across the breast of the continent.

Stock raising represents the highest attainment in the agricultural pursuits. It calls into play more diverse mental processes than does any other branch of farming, and because of the demand of the industry for mental employment

it so facinates those engaged in it that they are loath to follow any other business. Men are continually aspiring to the more complicated tasks, they shun the simple duties and for this reason as well as owing to natural processes the ranks of the stock raising fraternity are continually upon the increase.

Most large industrial concerns are wholly the creation of man's enterprise and skill and are readily modified by the employment of capital and labor. This fact tends to make a career in such industries less interesting than an occupation where intuitive instinct to modify natural laws and agencies is the key note of successful accomplishment. The stock raiser's is such a vocation. It is with him not simply a matter of keeping cattle and hogs until they are ready for market, but he has to begin preparing his stock for market before they are born and even before their parents are selected. He has to consider the demands of the market, his facilities for rapidly developing his stock and endeavor to modify natural tendencies so that the market may be satisfied and a competence left for his trouble.

Stock raising also demands peculiar conditions of soil. The rich downs of England, the fertile counties of Western Ontario and the deep, rich soils of the Mississippi and the Missouri valleys, are the localities in which the industry has flourished. In these places the soils have by their adaptability for the profuse production of grasses, grains and field roots eminently assisted in the modifying of the types of cattle and hogs best suited for the production of meats. With these crops every inherent tendency of stock to convert fodder into flesh has been intensified. The environment of rich pastures tends to make short legged cattle still shorter in the legs, to broaden their backs and to increase the weight of their quarters, and these are main essentials in economic production. As far as the beef animal is concerned legs are of comparatively little value and the shorter they are the less food material will be required to produce them. Wide backs, deep bodies and heavy quarters are the storehouses for flesh; hence the advisability of having them full and heavy. Formerly cattle were well developed in those parts used for defence, the horns and fore quarters; in the regions of locomotion, the legs; and in the vital organs, the heart, lungs, and respiratory track. These were valuable for purposes of retaining and replenishing the species, but for domestic purposes they were not the prime essentials. The work of keeping the tendency of these parts from predominating in the animal form has been the accomplishment of the breeder, and in making the parts to which greater value attached more prominent he has been assisted by the environment of rich pastures and plentiful fodder. This work of specialization in breeding has gone on to such an extent that to-day we have a type of cattle evolving and already evolved that makes the maximum amount of flesh with the minimum of waste in the frame. These cattle have practically the entree of the world's markets. They cannot be produced on every class of soil nor by indifferent stockmen. The market for them is broadening, and the numbers who would engage in their production is continually upon the increase. In these facts lie the assurance that the land which lies in the north of the great American spring wheat belt will be called into immediate requisition for operations of the stock feeder.

The illusion that the climate of the northern country is not suitable for stock raising has been proved to be groundless. Cattle and hogs have demonstrated their ability to adapt themselves to various climates, and in the extreme temperatures of the north have shown as much capability to produce flesh economically as they do in the more uniform climates of the older stock raising districts. Cattle have shown a greater tendency to deteriorate through exposure to dampness than they have to low temperatures with a clear dry air. Low temperatures as we have in the north, only

THE RANCH OF A PROSPEROUS FARMER

result in a longer coat of hair and with a thick dry coat no discomfort is felt in the coldest of climates. I may quote here the opinions of the winner of second prize for the best car-load of export steers at the Spring Show held in Calgary in April last, as illustrating the convictions of those who are extensively engaged in stock feeding in the Canadian Northwest:

"Those in the bunch that had white faces were from a white-faced bull, Hereford, purebred. They ran with their mothers till weaning time, October, and when weaned were turned on my stubble fields and bush land for the winter. From then on they practically lived on the open range on wild grass.

"I commenced grain feeding Dec. 1st, whole oats, and from March 1st till show date fed chopped oats. These cattle never were in a shed or barn; I feed in small dry yard always. I have never stall-fed a car of cattle. My favorite plan for feeding cattle is to have self-feed bins, cattle to have these bins open to them at all times—what we term on full grain feed.

"I would say that there are a few things necessary to be a successful feeder financially. First, have the best quality steers, *without horns*, rather dehorned, or breed the horns off. I find the Galloways suit me fine. Second, feed plenty of the best quality of feed you can find. Third, be sure and have a bunch of hogs in the same yard with the cattle; and last, but very important, with the least possible expense, with the largest profit for this reason, I find the self-feed bin in the open yard very satisfactory."

Another quotation from the feeder of one of the best lots of cattle that left the Western feed yards this spring: "Our bunch that went off this spring were by a purebred Shorthorn bull, one of the right stamp, low down, thick, sappy, easy handling sort, extra well sprung in the ribs from a lot of grade cows, our own rearing from purebred bulls (Shorthorns). We wean the calves about the first of December, then give them all the hay they can eat. We always give the calves the best of the hay; that is, the earliest cut stuff, keeping them in as long as possible in the spring, so that they can get a bit when turned out and have a chance to go right ahead. Their second winter is spent with the bunch. In an ordinary winter they are out all the time. One small feed of hay in a day is all they get. They generally come through in thrifty condition, so that we can either ship them in the fall, as threes, or hold them over until the spring, when they are four-year-olds. When we feed them we have hay in the rack all the time, putting fresh stuff in three times a day. We don't like to keep them waiting for it, as they soon get uneasy if we are not on time. We keep water running through the yard, salt before them all the time, a big shed, open poles in front, where they go in on stormy days. We never dehorn; not feeding grain they don't crowd so much, having plenty of room and getting plenty of hay. They seem to do well enough.

"Owing to the deep snow coming last November we had to feed the whole bunch right from the start two months and a half before our usual time. We fed them three times a day, salt and sulphur before them all the time, all the shelter they had being some small willow bush. The severe cold never seemed to trouble them a bit. It was just a question of lots of good hay, so that they came out right side up, averaging 1540 lbs., one of them going 1710 lbs. One thing in their favor, they were in splendid shape when put in, in the fall. I should like to remark before closing that if the farmers and feeders were to put the young things up to feed right from their dams there would be more profit and better cattle."

And again from a Canadianized American who has engaged in hog raising in Western Canada, "I used to think that hogs could not be raised without a plentiful supply of corn, but I find the barley we grow here at the rate of fifty bushels to the acre makes better pork and more rapidly than the corn we used to feed in Iowa. My pigs are also more healthy and more prolific

than those raised in the States, and with the market above seven cents per pound there is a good profit in raising hogs."

The foods which any particular district raises and the abundance of their yields are largely what determine their suitability for stock raising. England has grasses, field, roots-grain and millfeeds. Eastern Canada has very much the same. The Central States depend largely upon grass and corn. An examination of crop conditions of the Saskatchewan valley shows that its rich soil produces native and cultivated grass nowhere in the world surpassed in yield and in feeding value, its crops of grain yield higher than those of any other country, and the corn crop upon which the Central States farmers place so much confidence, is gradually being introduced as far north as settlement has extended.

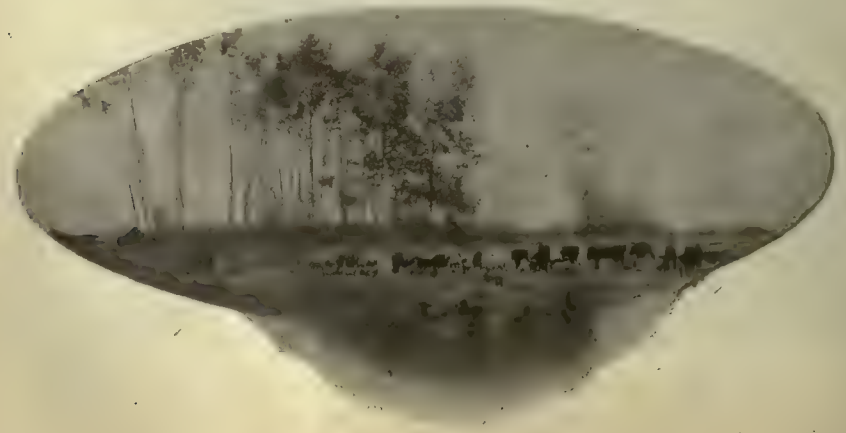
In this immense new country the raising of purebred stock is but in its infancy. A few pioneers have already located with herds of Shorthorns and Herefords, and with some swine. In the Canadian trade the Shorthorn cattle seem to be the most favored, probably because they are most adaptable to varying conditions. In some places cross grades are in most favor, as for instance, with the feeder first quoted above. Practically every kind and type of hogs are raised, and all meet a ready market.

Commercially the Canadian West offers a splendid opportunity for the development of the live stock and meat packing business. There is the country, the crops are being grown, and men are available to raise stock. The whole fabric of marketing facilities and packing has yet to be built up. There are openings in the Canadian West for the investment of capital to form markets like those at Chicago, St. Josephs, Omaha, Kansas City and St. Paul, and already one great American packing house is interesting itself in this phase of the business.

Winnipeg at the present time is the only central market for the cattle grown upon the great stretches of Western Canada, and in this market in 1906, 130,000 cattle were handled. Eighty-five thousand of these were for export and the remainder were used for local consumption and for packing house products.

The country now awaits the advent of numerous extensive and intensive feeders. The railways are ready to foster the industry and a ready market with good connections is to be had locally and in the British Isles. There is no probability of a long struggle to establish a market after the product has been raised, as is often the case with agricultural pursuits in newly settled countries.

That stage has been passed and the country now awaits the extension of the industry.



Where "Number One Hard" Becomes "Somebody's Best"

By Claire Ruiter McGregor

" Or from the bridge I leaned to hear
The milldam rushing down with noise,
And see the minnows everywhere
In crystal eddies glance and poise,
The tall flag-flowers where they sprung
Below the range of stepping stones,
Or those three chestnuts near that hung
In masses thick with milky cones.

" I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,
The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal."

MILLS and millers have played no small part in song and story, from the Miller of the Dee who went for his famous walk in the evening cool, and the jolly miller who lived in the mill with one hand always on the hopper, to the wealthy miller of Tennyson's poem whose "double chin and portly size" are familiar to us all.

In nursery days we have been told of the sturdy miller who sang so lustily

" I envy no one, no, not I,
And no one envies me "

that bluff King Hal stopped to listen to him and bade him never to sing the same song again, for though he envied no one, it was not true that no one envied him.

Later, we have laughed over the obdurate Miller of Hafbau whom even the charming Princess Osra could not move, and we have sighed over the pretty German folk-song of "The Mill-wheel."

The mill, the mill-wheel, and the miller's invariable daughter, have all been duly celebrated. But the picturesque old mill with its upper and nether stones grinding the wheat and driven by the mill-wheel, that, dripping and cool, revolved as long as the flow of the water lasted, has, for all practical purposes, passed away.

No more does the farmer trudge thirty or forty miles to the nearest "grist emporium" with a sack of wheat or corn over his shoulder to have his grain ground and leave part of it to pay for the grinding. Things are done on

a larger scale now, and the labor involved is reduced to a minimum by the employment of machinery that does the work better and in far less time than would otherwise be possible.

As more grain is grown, more importance is accorded to the wheat flour milling industry. In Canada it is growing steadily, owing to the enormous increase of the amount of wheat raised in the country. In British Columbia there are three important flour-mills at Enderby, Armstrong, and Vernon. At Enderly alone, the output is about three hundred barrels of flour per day.

In a typical flour mill the force for driving the machinery is supplied by engines in a separate room which is connected with the main building. A good deal of the wheat milled in the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia is shipped there from Alberta, although local wheat is handled as well. The finest pastry flour is made from the Okanagan wheat, while that from Alberta becomes the best bread flour, as it tests considerably higher for gluten. The pastry flour contains more starch, and is whiter than the glutinous flour which has a fine golden cast of color.

When the grain is carried in car-loads to the flour mill, a car is brought to a standstill just outside the mill and the wheat is taken from it, weighed and elevated to the storage bins. Before it can be broken for flour, it has to undergo a thorough cleansing process, being washed, scoured and dusted in three different machines, all of which work automatically—indeed all the machinery in the mill is automatic; the wheat is not touched by human hands from the time it is taken from the car outside the mill until the flour is sewn in the sacks ready for shipping. The whole process is a triumph of mechanism.

In one of the chutes along which the wheat has to pass, are placed large magnets which attract all tacks or pieces of metal which have fallen into the wheat from the harvesting machines or threshers. No iron can pass these magnets; and it is surprising to see the amount of metal that is contained in a car-load of wheat.

Before the wheat goes to the rollers it is passed through a steamer to toughen its husk slightly, then it goes down to the rollers, and the crushing process begins. There are a dozen or more rollers through which the wheat must pass. It is first broken between the large corrugated rolls that are used to separate the bran from the middlings.

Bran is the husk of the wheat, while middlings are the coarser particles left of the white part of the grain after some flour has been ground off.

Flour once ground is not put through the rollers again, but middlings have to go on their way between the heavy rolls in order to be reduced to flour. For this purpose smooth rolls are used, one of them revolving more than twice as fast as the other, thus increasing the abrasion.

After the wheat has gone through the rollers the product obtained is sifted. Several devices are employed to separate all the flour from the shorts—the middlings are no more, having been reduced to flour in the rollers—and care is exercised that no flour shall be wasted.

It is sifted through several grades of bolting silk through a loose, open mesh to one of exceeding fineness. When it has passed the sifter, the flour is taken to bins and immediately sacked for shipping. A tube is fitted to the lower part of the bin and a sack placed underneath. On opening the bin, the flour pours into the sack, and when it is full, the stream of flour is shut off until another sack is in position to receive its contents.

The sacks are sewn by hand with twine and then are stored for several weeks in order to ripen and whiten the flour.

The shorts and bran are separated carefully and done up in sacks after the same fashion at the flour. About two hundred and seventy pounds of wheat, or four and a half bushels, are used to make one barrel of flour, leaving seventy-four pounds of bran and shorts separated from the fine

flour. This shows that twenty-eight per cent. of the wheat is not used in making white flour.

Graham flour includes the whole grain of the wheat, but "whole wheat flour" is a misleading term, as in its manufacture the bran is separated from the flour.

The best flour is made chiefly from "Number One Hard" grain, but all kinds of grain may be used, a cheaper grade of flour being made from an inferior grade of wheat.

The export trade of Western Canadian flour mills is growing rapidly, China and Japan receiving no small share of the flour exported. The Japanese trade will probably be a considerable feature of the milling industry in a short time; the shipping is chiefly done through Yokohama.

One thing that is particularly striking about the wheat flour milling industry is its wholesomeness. After a surfeit of journalistic criticism on "The Jungle," with its horrible revelations of the meat packing industry in Chicago, and the Government investigations going on, it is a relief to turn from the exposure of fraud and graft to a clean industry where the chief food-product of nature is handled in a scientific and sanitary manner.

These flour-mills turn out an unadulterated article and place it on the market food for men and cattle. The atmosphere of the mills is wholesome, and the work proceeds steadily, not in the forced rushes of "piece-work." There are two shifts of twelve hours each in a milling day, and employment is thus constantly given to two crews of men.

The artistic effect of the old-time mills is lacking in all the modern structures, but when we consider the present-day mills, and the beneficent power they exercise by distributing food material over all the civilized world, it is impossible to regret the passing of their more primitive and picturesque predecessors. And certainly the artistic effect of the old-time mills is lacking from all the present structures. Their square cut, gray masses, and tall chimneys block themselves harshly against the smoke-stained sky. Still, although they furnish less material for the minor-poet and the sketching class, they are, for self-evident reasons, a more interesting study in economics.

In Cherry Lane

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

HE loves me, he loves me,
And what is that to me?
For many a man has loved a lass,
As may—forgotten be.

He loves me, he loves me,
And wherefore should I care?
For many a lad in April time
Has found a maiden fair.

He loves me, he loves me,
I passed him by to-day,
And O, the lad looked after me
Without a word to say.

He loves me, he loves me,—
Oh, not a whit care I!
* * * * * * *
I'll rest awhile in Cherry Lane,
I wish he would come by.

BUILDING THE NEW "SPOUT"

The New "Spout" to the Lakes

By Cy Warman

Author of "The Story of the Railroad," "The Last Spike," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE builders of the new transcontinental railway have finished their first full year's work, the trail is practically blazed from ocean to ocean, and already they are receiving and sending out mail at Prince Rupert, on the Pacific, which was a voiceless wilderness yesterday and which will be a hustling, booming city to-morrow.

Doubtless the promoters of this tremendous enterprise had faith in the West, and the Government that backed the builders believed that there was immediate need of another transcontinental line, but no one guessed that the close of 1906 would find the development of the West outrunning all the railways. The more we build the more we need to build, for development west of Winnipeg has barely begun.

As the West was the cause of all this railway construction boom, the West is commanding the attention of the powers that direct the pathfinder and the grade-maker.

The Grand Trunk Pacific management is bending every effort to rail the new fields that lie between Winnipeg and Edmonton at the earliest possible moment, for there in the great Saskatchewan valley, half way between the "Chicago" and the "Denver" of the Dominion, is the storm center of a development that would be called a boom were it not for the fact that it has been of steady growth for a number of years. Moreover, it covers a large corner of a continent instead of being confined to a limited territory as booms usually are.

Of course they are working west from Edmonton, and east from Prince Rupert, but the task of locating a line of railway, such as the Grand Trunk Pacific proposes to build, is an intricately difficult one. It will pass through half a thousand miles of wilderness that was practically unknown when the preliminary pathfinders set their faces toward the three passes that were supposed to lie somewhere near the headwaters of the Peace.

Every river, gorge and canyon will be sounded, every possible and doubtless many impossible passes will be examined before the final selection is made, before the president and general manager "O.K." the profile, before the chief engineer pens his official "*Put her there.*"

Meanwhile the Government construction commission is hurrying the work of constructing the section of the main line that will begin at Winnipeg and continue east to connect with the Superior branch of the Company's line now well along and which will, when the Government section to the Wheat City is completed, give the granary another "spout" to the lakes.

If the men who are to be held responsible for the finished line were satisfied to build as the early transcontinental lines were built in the United States, the last spike could be driven years earlier than it will be driven. If they had less faith in the future of Canada, if they could foresee a slump in the near future, they could build cheaply, have less of fixed charges to pay and earn something on the money expended, even in "lean years," but they are building against a future in which they have abounding faith. If fortune favors them, if the good old earth continues to sweat "gold" at the rate of nineteen bushels to the acre as it has done for the past nineteen years, they will be counted wise in their generation.

And so, having faith, they have set a standard for the construction of this new national highway that is proving a surprise to the contractors, who sometimes read specifications hurriedly and pass them lightly, regarding them as form, or filling, not expecting them to be carried out to theletter. And after the line has been properly located, the proper construction is the next important step. If a valley be wide and deep—no matter how wide and deep, they bridge it from bluff to bluff, for a good line with bad spots is a bad line.

Railway competition on this continent is so keen that to keep pace with the progress of railway perfections, the best is demanded of each and every line; the best roadbed, the best equipment, the best service. Otherwise the business goes the other way. But you can't have a line like the Grand Trunk Pacific and fast trains in a new thinly settled country at two cents a mile.

Such a railway as the Grand Trunk will have, from the wheat-fields to the lakes, to the Atlantic when the Whale line is finished—will enable it to handle twice the volume of business that could be handled, say on a "one per cent." road. They believe that they will be called upon to move an immense amount of freight and are building to that end. They believe that, as the years pass, the traveling public will be more and more in a hurry and are planning a passenger service that will equal the best between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

They believe that, with a fleet on the eastern and the western ocean, they will have thrown a short cinch around the sphere, and shortened the run around the world by at least two sleeps.

These dreams, real to the builders, make them anxious about every curve, cut and fill on the three thousand miles of main line; make them patient with the pathfinder and the contractor, and impatient with the unknowing who want it finished *now*.

To be sure the management can never be held to the airy, unauthorized predictions of a magazine writer, but it seems to one acquainted with the country and the line as it is being built in the West, a simple matter to run from Winnipeg say to Saskatoon, easily in one night, and a short night at that. Another sleep will take the traveler to Edmonton, or Winnipeg to Edmonton in twenty-four hours. The same time will be made between Winnipeg and Calgary, for the Calgary line will be more than a mere branch line. It will be the "main line to Calgary" and will be physically fit for quick runs.

A year ago the settlement ran forty To-miles southwest of Saskatoon.

day homesteads are located and are being improved one hundred and sixty miles from that throbbing young city which has already come to regard itself, seriously, as the center of the earth. Here, between Hanley and Lacombe, Battleford and Swift Current, lies a little empire of itself, isolated and utterly empty of railroads. Into this vast valley country, two hundred miles wide and three hundred miles long, eighty per cent. of which is open arable land, hundreds of Yankees have gone to buy land in the past twelve months and thousands to settle and to build homes. The land is fair and fertile and that is all the born pioneer asks. He knows the railway will come, and it is coming.

The Canadian Pacific is cutting the little empire on the bias, from Moose Jaw to Lacombe. The Canadian Northern is already surveying south of its main line, while the Grand Trunk Pacific, leaving the main line west of Saskatoon, will go to Calgary almost as the bird flies.

Three years from to-day the vast region that was empty through years will be served by at least three competing railways; in it will be the homes of hundreds of thousands of settlers. The soil here is not so rich as it is further north, not so heavy as it is further east, but it is far enough north to be fertile and not too cold, and far enough west to catch the breath of life that lifts from the Pacific coast and blows down from the Rockies, the warm Chinook, that makes the Northwest worth fighting for.

And it is for this, for these and other unplowed fields that the Grand Trunk Pacific is being rushed with all the speed consistent with good work. For this in the tunnels and sheltered cuts the blasters will blast and the graders grade without ceasing until the line is finished from the Great Lakes, across the fields to Edmonton, the last house.

At Fort William vast stores of supplies and material were gathered, at Portage la Prairie nearly four hundred miles of steel were stored, ready to be rushed to the front and spiked down the moment the frost left the ground again. With good luck and a fair supply of labor the rails should reach Saskatoon before fall and Edmonton in the early winter. But much depends on the condition of the labor market. Yankees will not work with picks and shovels, and Canadians are about the same, so we might as well make up our minds to one or two things. Either we must import labor or wait until the work can be finished with the labor on hand.

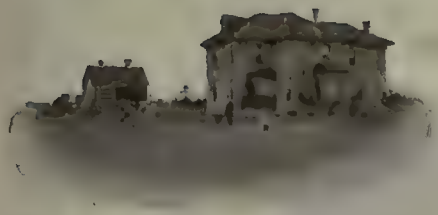
At this writing considerable work is done in the Lake Superior Branch, but only a fair start has been made on the Government section west of Superior Javestian to Winnipeg. This section traverses that rough country famous for its iron mines. Some extremely heavy work is to be done here.

Between Portage and Touchwood Hills, Macdonald, McMillan and Company have forged ahead splendidly, and west of Saskatoon the work has progressed, but there remains still to be finished along the Qu'Appelle Valley in the Touchwood and again in the Eagle Hills, some heavy work. It is here that the management have concentrated their fire. The traveler by the Grand Trunk Pacific will reach the very crest of the contract, that is to say the summit of the Yellow Head Pass, on precisely the same grade per mile that lifts him from Winnipeg to Edmonton.

To be sure this will cost a pile of of money, but as intimated above there are to be no bad spots on the G.T.P. The idea of taking a standard express train from the Atlantic to the Pacific with a single locomotive and "making time" would have been laughed at as the climax of absurdity five years ago.

To-day it is within the range of things possible. Five years from this writing it will be an accomplished fact.

The close of another year will see the work well under way all along the line, but build as they may the builders will not be able to keep up with the pioneer, the homesteader, the settler, who is heading for the West, and who, in 1907, will come and settle by the hundreds of thousands, for as set forth in the beginning of this sketch, the development west of Winnipeg has hardly begun.



The Yankee Invasion of Canada

By Ernest Cawcroft

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ANOTHER army of the chosen people is marching into Canada. To-day the Dominion of Canada is witnessing a mightier movement of population than ever stimulated a Biblical writer to pen a chapter of Scripture. From the Rhine and the Rhone river valleys; from the port cities of Germany and the farms of the Fatherland; from the peasant soil of Russia; and out from grimy Lancashire and over-populated Yorkshire, the discontented and ambitious of every European clime are seeking to take advantage of the fertile soil and exhilarating climate of the Empire of the North.

They have come, they are coming, and Canada is extending the right hand of welcome. This surging of the population Westward has an economic as well as an historical basis. Two summers ago in investigating industrial conditions in Europe, I was privileged to observe the over-populated tenements, the under-fed workers and the evil social conditions generally, which lead men to think that the promised land of plenty is on the other side of the earth. I observed, too, that the more progressive of these workers were leaving or preparing to leave for the free lands of the Dominion. I was impressed with the fact that while a million human beings throng the shores of the United States every year, the smaller number arriving in Canada, being of a better class, come with a more clearly defined purpose. Compared with the Dominion, the weakness of our immigration policy lies in the fact that these people are allowed to settle in the over-crowded cities, while the former directs the arrivals to the better fields of the West.

The movement of population, then, upon the part of Europeans, is rightly connected with the distressing economic and agricultural conditions prevalent in every European state with the possible exception of Germany. Coupled with that fact, the position of the Dominion in this situation should not be overlooked either by those who seek the motive of this vast movement of population, nor by those who desire to gain an insight into the true spirit of the Yankee invasion. You will recall that the closing days of our Civil War found the Canadian people divided into a number of provinces, devoid of railroad connections and subject to radical racial feelings. But the evils of division and discord had been impressed upon the people by the causes and results of our Civil Strike. It was at that hour that agricultural as well as political considerations made the time ripe for a practical discussion of the plan of Confederation. It is unnecessary to retrace the several steps which finally resulted in the formulation of the Dominion constitution and the practical Confederation of the year 1870; but it will suffice to point out that the Canadian statesmen, no less than the people of the several provinces, realized that no real Confederation was possible without railroad connec-

STACKING

tions between Halifax and the present site of Vancouver. As a matter of fact, it is one of the inside chapters in the history of Confederation, that the people of the Western Provinces were assured railway connections with the market-ports of the Eastern seaboard. The possibilities of foreign markets in the Orient had not dawned on the widely scattered settlements, and every man insisted that the Dominion should render agricultural prosperity possible by connecting the fertile lands of Alberta with the markets of Liverpool. But the promise to build a transcontinental road was easier than the fulfilment. It was not an alluring prospect to capitalists, the idea of connecting small settlements, Indian wigwams, with Montreal and Halifax on the East and the forest-skirted harbors of British Columbia on the West.

But the Dominion appreciated the fact that the successful continuance of the Confederation was dependent upon the commercial uniting of the East and West; then the step was finally taken which is the basis of the movement of population to-day. The Canadian Pacific railroad was chartered; following the precedent so well established in those days in the United States, a money subsidy was given the promoters and more fortunately for the Dominion, the project was awarded an enormous land bounty. Thus the millions of acres of vacant land on each side of the railroad became the key to the situation. The transcontinental road having pierced the wilderness and climbed the Rockies, arrived at the present site of Vancouver in the year 1886. The project being completed, increasing operating expenses compelled the promoters to ask themselves the question: "Where is the passenger traffic and how are we going to get the freight?"

These men of foresight had not been daunted by harder problems; and they soon realized that the strip of land adjacent to the road and stretching across three thousand miles of continent, afforded the key to the passenger and freight business alike. These lands were opened to settlement upon liberal terms; settlers were carried at small rates and agricultural machinery was transported for next to nothing. Fifteen years ago Winnipeg was a city of thirty thousand inhabitants and that Chicago of Canada was made the distributing center of this influx of population. Every year marked the growth of this movement of population from Europe to Canada. In the latter days of the past century the influx approached one hundred thousand souls yearly. Then Calgary, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat and a dozen other settlements along the three thousand miles of track, became cities. In the year 1903, over one hundred and thirty thousand persons arrived as settlers; that was increased an additional thousand during the following year; and in 1905, it approached one hundred and forty-

six thousand. Last year the influx of settlers passed one hundred and eight thousand in point of numbers, and with prospects for an invasion of two hundred thousand souls during the coming twelve months, the movement of population becomes one of the historic and economic forces of the present day. While the Canadian Pacific has been solving the problem of securing freight and passenger traffic by carrying settlers to Alberta, British Columbia and other westerly points, and in turn transporting to the Eastern sea-board the grain produced by these settlers on their fertile lands, the Canadian Government has also been developing a land policy. During the interval Winnipeg has grown to one hundred thousand in population and the grain of the vast West moves through that city as a funnel on the way to Fort William and Montreal. Prospective settlers have gathered and are gathering in that city and in turn they have been given and are being given the privilege of securing title to an allotment of one hundred and sixty acres by working six months of three successive years on the lands for which they made entry. Thus along the valley of the Saskatchewan, through the fertile fields of Alberta, overflowing into the gardens of British Columbia, population moves and surges. Manitoba, compared with the more westerly provinces, becomes a land of settled renown, although twenty-five million acres still remain open to the cultivating-hand and thresher of the settler.

The previous European investigations of the writer having enabled him to observe these settlers in their native environment, it was a revelation to travel from Fort William on the south through Winnipeg to Edmonton on the north; and thence to move southerly through Calgary and along the towns of the Rockies down to the Pacific coast. He saw these peasants of Europe enjoying the liberty of independent proprietorship; he observed the Scotch lassies as the capable housewives of native Canadians; and around the grazing and fertile wheat-growing regions of Calgary, he viewed the Yorkshire lads doing their best, gaining a handsome living in fact as farmers, having substituted the plow for the shuttle and spindle. The fertility of the farm makes up for the inexperience of the farmer. But in the course of this journey, as he sought to follow the young men and women whom he observed as types in Europe, in their newer homes, the writer was presented with a situation, a revelation:

It is the Yankee Invasion of Canada.

The fact stands out in large letters that last year nearly sixty thousand Yankees crossed the border to become Canadian settlers. Nor must this be regarded as a singular event, because the Yankee invasion has not been confined to any one year. It was during the previous year that fifty thousand Americans preceded their later countrymen in seeking to till the fields of the Dominion. And are you aware

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HIS SECOND YEAR'S CROP

that between 1900 and 1904, the annual influx or exodus of Yankees ranged between twenty and fifty thousand souls?

This outline of the Yankee invasion forced upon the writer the conclusion that the Americans of to-day are repeating in Canada the history of their pioneer forefathers in the western portion of the United States. In the course of a conversation, Senator Perley of the Dominion Senate told how his forefathers, the United Loyalists as they were called, left the United States during the Revolutionary era for Eastern Canada; and how he later astonished his relatives about 1880 by removing three hundred miles west of Winnipeg where the fertility of the wheat lands afforded him a fortune during a score of years. But it was over a century between the first invasion of the Yanks and the later, more noticeable movement which commenced in the nineties.

The Yankee invasion of Canada has been induced and stimulated by a variety of causes. It is not surprising that the sons and grandsons of the American pioneers are aiding the Canadians in pushing back their frontier. More than a decade ago it dawned upon the farmers of the American West that the available cheap land between the Mississippi and the Pacific had been exhausted; and that their sons would have to seek in newer climes the democracy and opportunities of a region open to the settler. Canada, with a population of six millions and an area larger than the United States, attracted the attention of the Western farmers with ambitious sons. The average per mile population of the States is twenty-two, while there are only three persons to every two square miles in the Dominion. The Dominion last year raised one hundred million bushels of wheat and scientists estimate that there is available vacant land for growing eight hundred millions. Population spreads outward like the ripples of a disturbed water-surface, and the young sons of the West are to-day rushing forward to take part in raising the additional seven hundred million bushels of wheat. Railways have aided in pushing back the Indian tepee; the telegraph has enabled the world to learn that the climate of Canada, though cold in winter, is more agreeable than in many sections of the American East; and as an intimate knowledge of the Dominion continues to increase, it dawns upon the world that Winnipeg is not more northerly than Paris and that the Scotchman leaving his native Glasgow, traveling in a line across the Atlantic, will reach Edmonton, the most northerly city of importance on the continent. Thus one by one the stories circulated by the interested agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, which waxed wealthy without competition by leading people to believe that Canada was an inaccessible frozen region, are brought to earth. Thus a virgin continent is placed before the sons of men.

We have been in the habit of associating the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers with their discontent with the religious privileges allowed them in the Old World; we have believed that the Irish sought this country in the rightful opinion that more land and greater political liberty were essential to their happiness; and we do know that Virginia and Georgia were settled by many who were unsuccessful or whose presence was not desired, by the authorities of the Old World. This has prompted the truism that the baron, the duke, the successful men do not leave their hearth-stones to seek fame and fortune in a newer clime. Here is the paradox of the Yankee invasion as compared with other movements of population in the history of North America. The writer entered Canada with the pre-conceived notion that in so far as Americans were going into that country, they must be coming from the less productive farming sections of New England and the middle West. It did not take many conversations with the young, lusty Yankee settlers to teach him that his preconceived notion was erroneous. The bulk of the settlers located in Canada admitted that

they were from Iowa, the Dakotas, Nebraska and the states with which we commonly associate the big crops of wheat and the bountiful harvests of the holiday season. He sought confirmation of this conclusion in the figures at hand; and he found that during the year 1905, four thousand six hundred Yankee settlers entered Canada from North Dakota; nearly

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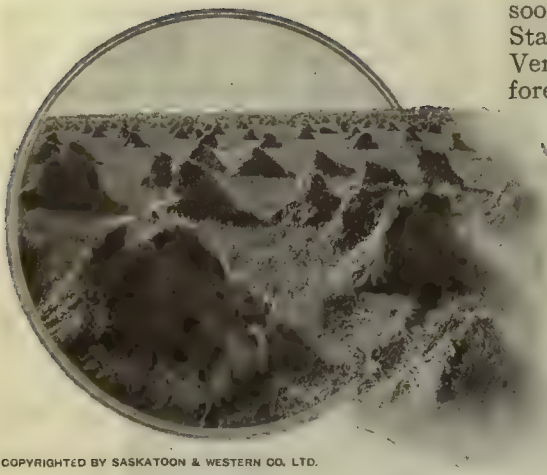
STOCKRAISING IN WESTERN CANADA

six thousand were credited to Minnesota; fifteen hundred came from Illinois and as many others from a score of Western States. Pennsylvania was represented by some two hundred; New York furnished four hundred; while from all the New England States only eight hundred sought the less crowded lands of the Dominion. Thus this invasion reverses a prior maxim of history, and to-day the farmers and their sons are leaving the best known farming states of the Republic to seek the more fertile fields of the Dominion.

But figures do not tell the whole story. Let us go back to the soil, where men talk heart to heart. Along the line of each railroad the trek of population extends. The success of the Canadian Pacific rendered possible the completion of other projects of equal magnitude. Six hundred miles from Winnipeg the Canadian Northern passes through the valley of the Saskatchewan, along the five hundred miles of prairie and into Edmonton, the capital of Alberta. Between Winnipeg and Edmonton the tourist may



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A WHEAT FIELD

observe in Humboldt, Togo, Warman, Prince Albert, two hundred miles to the north, and Lloydminster, a repetition of the history in completed form which represents the Calgary, the Moose Jaw and Regina of to-day. A survey is made by the Government; entries are allowed and attracted by a water supply or some other desirable feature, a few shacks appear. After the stragglers there comes the settlement, then a bank, an elevator in which to store the grain, one church or more, surely a well-built schoolhouse and then the settlers with their increasing prosperity commence to build those more substantial houses which give finish even to Edmonton, that last town on the frontier. Then at Alameda a colony of German-Americans is working out its destiny; along the Rainy river region Swedish-Americans are making a success of their second migration; Lloydminster boasts of comfortable Yankee and English settlements; Battleford, Prince Albert and Warman have become places of importance on the map since the writer took his last examination in geography, thanks to the enterprise of the natives, aided by the Yanks; and Humboldt, Togo, Vegreville are three of many towns whose birth within the past year or two and whose steady growth in the center of a thousand mile circle of wheat lands, need occasion no surprise. The settlers will soon be writing their friends in the States about the excellence of the Vermilion River region, just as the foreign factory hands of Lawrence and New Bedford tell their relatives in Yorkshire and Lancashire of the higher pay and better homes obtainable in this country. While the outlines of this vast movement of population are to be found in the Great North Country, thousands have settled and are settling as a matter of course just over the border line. Calgary, with a three million-acre irrigation scheme in hand, and Lethbridge, the center of a rich mining country, are the centers of American activity.

Surprised by the conclusiveness of these figures, that the Yankees come from the newer and more productive sections of the country, rather than from the regions where the soil is partly exhausted, the writer sought to obtain in the course of many conversations with these settlers the motive of their migration. There were as many motives as there were many men; and perhaps it will be fairer to each and all to let them tell their story in composite:

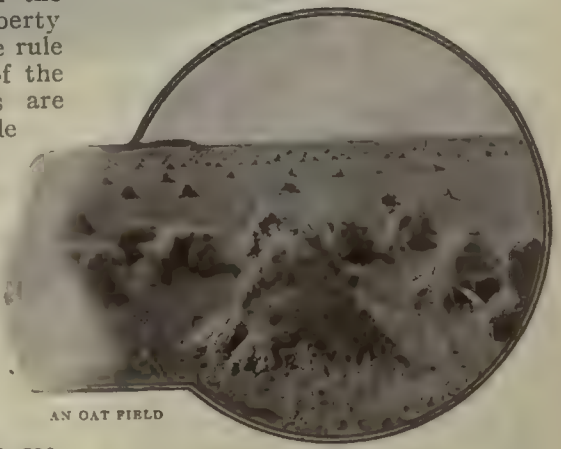
"It is this way," the Yankee settlers usually begin, pointing out to that elusive circle on the prairie where earth and sky seem to meet. "We liked the States and we haven't any kick coming. Our fathers did well over there and we in adopting their plan are simply carrying out the family idea. It is a good thing to go where you can do best. We are going to dodge this Canadian grain competition by getting right over the line and competing with the Canadians on their own soil. You see the trouble over in the States for the man who wants to grow is that the demand for farm lands in Iowa and the Dakotas is becoming so great that they want fifty dollars an acre. Now most of us owned our places in the States, but the time came when we wanted to secure farms for our sons. We can't get a

farm for each of the boys without mortgaging them for the next generation. Crops have been so good in the States that we could sell our lands easily and so we took our fifty dollars an acre and repurchased over here at from three to twenty an acre. In other words, we got a farm for the old folks and each of the boys out of the money from the Iowa place. Then, too, here in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, we can average twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, while the yield in the Northwest averages about fifteen bushels. The railroads will carry our grain down to Port Arthur, Fort William, or Montreal as cheaply as it is taken to market in the United States. We are as near or nearer the Liverpool market than the farmers of the American West. The Indian, the Hudson's Bay trapper and adventurer have just left this region. We are trying to brush it into civilization and enjoying the rich fruits of a virgin soil."

"Those of us who made good in the States have had it easy from the start," interjects another settler composing the group of Yankees. "A little money is a good thing to have in coming into a new country. But those who make an entry or buy lands are able to square things in the course of two or three season's crops. There are hardships in building shanties and then with increasing prosperity getting things into shape for a better house. But affairs go here much as in the States. We have the largest liberty in the world; there is more home rule in the provinces than in many of the states of the Republic. Taxes are slight and with only a million people west of Winnipeg we don't get in each other's way. Our friends over the line probably thought that we would not live through the winter; and while it is cold in that season of the year the climate is altogether invigorating and healthful. Schools are good and encouraged by the Government; the enterprising American promoter and Yankee drummer see to it that we take notice of the latest improvements and best agricultural machinery. Altogether we are as near to affairs as we would be on our farms in the States. Winnipeg bears the same relation to us that Chicago did at home; and Edmonton with the surrounding region, advances as Omaha did in the days when we were as young as the boys yonder."

"We get together here just as they do in the States," we hear the settlers continuing. "The Government has established experimental schools of agriculture and the ambitious fellow is encouraged. This is a great region for grazing and with bulging elevators of wheat at seventy cents a bushel, many of us find time to get over to the Live Stock Exhibition at Chicago, or to visit old friends in the States, during the course of the winter. Every man is taken for what he is worth, or for what he can raise, to reduce it to the currency of the prairie; he needn't tell about his ancestors or even himself, if he does not want to; and in this good air and on this fertile soil, we intend to show friends that we are made of the right stuff—that we are chips of the old block, who populated the American West."

Remarks of this kind are usually followed with sincere declarations that in another twenty years Winnipeg will rival Chicago and that before the close of the century the growth of



AN OAT FIELD

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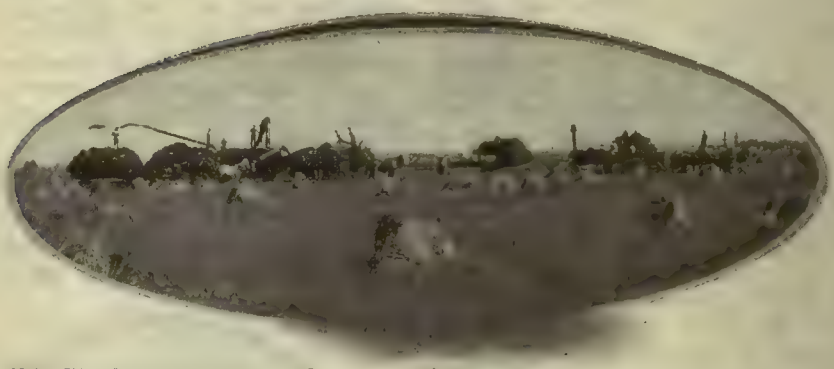
Canada will have been as great as the development witnessed in the United States during the past century. These things may or may not be true; but that does not interfere with the bulging elevators of seventy cent wheat which stimulate the optimistic prophecies of people working out their destiny in the Last West.

There are five million acres of land now under wheat cultivation; another one hundred and seventy millions await the plow and thresher of the settler in Western Canada. Europe and the United States are to populate these vacant lands. Following this exodus of Yankees, an increasing number of their friends are making summer calls in Canada, thereby furnishing the basis for peace between the nations; Americans have fifty millions of capital invested in Western Canada and Jim Hill wants to project a railroad through his old stamping ground. The American hunter seeks the fields of Canada in increasing numbers; the Yankee tourist enjoys the delights of Banff, the Canadian Yellowstone; and the adventurer rushes to Cobalt and the riches of Northern Ontario. But while some are faintly talking about annexation and others are reading resolutions in favor of reciprocity treaties between the two nations, the one reality of the day is the "benevolent assimilation" of Yankees by the Canadian West.



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THRESHING FROM THE STOOKS

The Furnace

By Philip Payne

Author of "The Mills of Man," "The Duchess of Few-Clothes," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF "THE FURNACE."

"Jack" Wytcherly, poet, newspaper man, and, latterly—as advertising manager for Worth & Ware—a successful exploiter of Stanley Worth's famous breakfast food, has been invited by Mr. Worth to join a small house-party at the latter's establishment, "Castle Caribou," on Ojibway Island in the Great Lakes, the other members being Mr. Worth himself, an energetic, fussy bourgeois; Mrs. Worth, a keen, malicious invalid; Patrice Powell, a breezy, "nice" young woman, and Mr. Worth's ward; Professor Byram, Patrice's prospective fiancé, a conceited pedant; and Mrs. Eccleston, a high-bred, refined woman, married unhappily to Mark Eccleston, a good-natured sensualist who, for his wife's sake, is kept on a salary by Mr. Worth. Jack Wytcherly finds Mrs. Eccleston the only congenial member of the party, and is beginning a pleasant friendship with her when Mark Eccleston comes to the Island on his yacht "Sea Fox." Mr. Worth, seeing how Mrs. Eccleston suffers from Mark's presence, decides to send him off on a business trip to Europe. Before he sails, Romaine Eccleston makes an honest endeavor to get closer to her husband; she asks him to drop his ribald companions; she even urges him to abandon the trip to Europe and remain with her. Mark chooses to "gang his ain gait." Mrs. Eccleston then warns him that he must not blame her if she, in turn, chooses to find interest in companionship with another than himself. After Mark sails Mrs. Eccleston and Wytcherly are thrown much together.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"DIVINATIONS."

"NOW exactly what do you see in him?" asked Patrice Powell. She was sitting in the gallery of Idlenesse.

"Little, except that he is that refreshing thing, an original man," Mrs. Eccleston replied. "And Goethe said that the older he grew the more value he put upon one thing and one thing only, an original man."

"By that do you mean to deny that my professor is original?" The young woman bristled like a feline mother of small cats.

"Does he pretend to originality?" Mrs. Eccleston lifted her fine brows. "I fancied he considered a discursive culture much superior to a faculty that any unscholarly person may happen to possess."

"Pooh, just the same your Mr. Originality has to get my professor to polish up his poems for him. I told Professor Byram he ought not to supply all the merit and let Mr. Wytcherly get all the credit." The girl's pretty nose became an indignation point.

Mrs. Eccleston's eyes flashed. "He has them then, has he? I hoped Mr. Wytcherly would refuse to turn them over. The man's a pedant, a master of punctuation, an invincible grammarian, no doubt. He will correct the spelling, I suppose, and then fancy conscientiously that he contributed the essential poet."

Patrice laughed outright. "How seriously you take it, Romaine. My stars, you must consider your advertisement writer something great? Hugo doesn't think him any such great shakes."

"Naturally not. When a young professor day in, day out, before his classes patronizes the genius of the ages, complacently commends Shakespeare, and smugly demonstrates the lack of art of Milton, the lack of subtlety in Dickens, he cannot be expected to tolerate the living presence of a little genius off the streets."

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"Goodness, how you do run on, Romaine! I can't understand it, but it sounds well—what you say. I am glad though it is always with a man's mind you fall in love, never with the man. You don't possibly suppose that this is the time, do you, when you care about the man?" Patrice looked penetrative.

"You should hear him talk," her friend irrelevantly declared.

"It looks as if I'd have to, if he's going to produce such an enthusiastic effect on you."

"He talks like a grown-up child of great intelligence, as the Greeks once talked."

"Pooh! you mean you talk, Romaine, as you only can, and he is stunned, and you like him so well because he is, that you think it's he, not you, who talks."

"Here he comes in his boat himself. Patrice. You shall hear him talk."

"You will have to get him started then. I can't imagine what he can talk. What does he talk? Hugo says——"

"He doesn't talk like a professor, if that is what you mean. He is not concerned with literary passions or academic problems, such as are imposed upon us all by education, not proposed to us by any actual need or experience of our own."

"Gad!" exclaimed Patrice, "I can't understand you a little bit, Romaine. I'll have to hear him gabble for himself."

"He is nearly here," exulted Mrs. Eccleston. "Now what you'll be privileged to hear you've never heard the like of in your life. He speaks poignantly; for he, more than any being I have known has exhausted living, common living, of its final bitterness, its rarest sweet.—Here he is."

But Wytcherly, when he was seated, perversely refused to be persuaded; he would not talk to dazzle Patrice, or while Patrice remained, indeed.

Patrice sped a triumphant look in the direction of her friend, as she arose to go. "I can't keep the launch waiting a single minute longer, Romaine. Good-bye, Mr. Wytcherly. I suppose you two, as soon as my back is turned, will burst into fireworks of speech. I've been hearing of what you are capable, Mr. Wytcherly. And Romaine, don't forget what I came to tell you, that Uncle Worth is leaving for Chicago at five o'clock tomorrow. I'll meet you at the lighthouse promptly at three and we will walk up together."

Notwithstanding Miss Powell's expressed incredulity concerning his ability, it was true that Wytcherly had talked. He had talked long, in part earnestly, in part flippantly, and all about himself. What he had talked indeed, he was himself aware, constituted the confession of his soul, or in his own vernacular "the story of his life."

To tell her what he had told no other, babbler though he was, to lisp the sorrows of his soul, had brought a sweet excitement, a vast relief. And she—she understood. Could his pitying God do more?

Oh, cried her heart, could she but have known him years ago! Her prayers, they might have availed to avert some mischances from his head. Her care, it might have sufficed to preserve some harvest from the prodigal spending of his brains. Her love, that might have helped him in any of ten thousand imagined ways.

As it was, now that he was making daily prostitution of his talent, now that she was subdued to an endurance that debased, he had not fulfilled the measure of his design, and she was quickly destined to become, in the famous phrase of Sappho to describe Sappho, "a woman somewhat old."

She hinted at her thought, employing her sad wise smile.—Discoursing of their fates, she looked the Sybil—clasped hands at chin, elbows on knee, the upper figure bending forward from the hips, her contemplative eyes filled as with the knowledge of all grief.

"Why are we two alike, Jack Wytcherly," she mused aloud, "alike despite our differences in many outward ways? Because in this age we both are disinherited for the same cause."

Wytcherly on his side suffered divinations also.

Habitually he regarded each new day as a pirate might, who every morning launches his long boat in keen hope, and until darkness sends him

home to port scours the seas in search of any prize that may appear. But of all spiritual looting he had ever perpetrated in his life, the richest in reward, the most exquisite, was his exploitation of the soul of Mrs. Eccleston.

His clairvoyant sense penetrated the secrets of her tragedy, realized the succession in her history. A child, he saw her, oddly charming, piquant prettily, serenely poised. A maid, he fancied her, delectable, of dewy freshness, of clearest truth. What a sweetheart she had made with her credulity, her graciousness, her loyalty of heart! And what a bride, ecstatically proud, meek gloriously, peering entranced across the threshold of new life, amazed yet unafraid.

And the outrage done upon her, her agony, her shame! She who had been glowing with the mystery of love, learned in an hour the brutishness of lust.

Therefore she assumed an eminence in Wytcherly's respect, the eminence of a woman foully wronged and by her wrong made sacred.—If his worship a little could atone for her martyrdom, how eagerly he offered that!

He understood, he understood too well he told himself, that look he had surprised at moments in her eyes, that look of memory and horror. So Beatrice Cenci looked, he thought.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

IN WHICH "GEORGE" DOES NOT APPEAR

"Now that you know Romaine better what do you think of her?" The characteristic inquiry was put with characteristic promptness before Wytcherly had found a chair.

Mr. Worth after consulting his watch had excused himself. "Just time enough before I start, and I'll use it to take a look at those electric bells I'm having put into the servants' rooms. Must see how they work—nothing like your own eye on things, if you want them done. You entertain Mrs. Worth Jack, she's always telling me you are so bright."—With this injunction the energetic little man had quit the room.

To a repetition of the question Wytcherly replied: "I can scarcely claim to know her better. She is not the sort who is known better even when you know her well, is she?"

"Fye!" said Mrs. Worth. "You will before she's through with you, I'll warrant. They all do."

"Pray, who are they?"

"Oh, her casts-off, who've served her temporarily for distraction. And they are not a few, nor were their times in favour long. If you last a summer, you will do better than did most. I inform you now for the sake of your future peace of mind. Don't be getting up expectations — expectations don't materialize with Romaine."

"But I'm not inordinately ambitious, Mrs. Worth. If Mrs. Eccleston is disposed to shine on me a week or two, I'm grateful for the privilege vouchsafed. There's nothing more."

"You are very clever, Mr. Wytcherly, but you can't fool an old woman who has nothing better to do than to keep tab on her friends. Don't think it—you'll make an egregious mistake. And heed my warning: never let her think she can amuse herself at your expense."

"But I declare I shouldn't much object if she did. In fact, if it contributes to her pleasure, I'm delighted to be sacrificed."

"A very gallant speech which much becomes you, Mr. Wytcherly. But you don't mean it, or, if you do, you'll wake up some fine morning feeling differently. And how will you feel then?"

"Like a fool, to be sure, Mrs. Worth. But if to feel so is the price for knowing Mrs. Eccleston, I can affirm it's none too high."

"So you think now. Just now you are what is called '*It*' at Idlenesse, because you're something novel and help divert her. Like every disappointed woman Romaine snatches at distraction wherever it hangs, and at the same time lugs around her secret sorrow in order to excuse herself for acting as a fool."

"She never lets me see she has a secret sorrow, if that's what you mean."

"Dear no, not Romaine. She's too stuck-up proud to show how much she suffers. She was brought up by her mother, whose family came over with

Count Frontenac, and whose notions were all highfalutin'. Romaine wouldn't admit, not if dragged behind wild horses, that anything was lacking in her life, either in the way of means or of her husband. She is too absurdly obsolete."

"But are you not contradictory? First you deprecated her advanced ideas, and said you didn't like their influence on Miss Powell."

"I don't. I dislike them myself, and I fear them for Patrice."

"But is she both advanced and obsolete? You tax my credulity a bit."

"She is. She's worse. Romaine's a jumble, a—what do you call it—a queer mess. She exasperates me trying to keep account of her differences—so much that sometimes I give up guessing in disgust. Sometimes she's too sensitive for common-sense, and then she can be so downright brutal that I'm shocked. She tells me it is my middle-class respectability, and Heaven be thanked if it is, I say."

"She is a *grand dame* I suspect,—at least she accords with what I've read of them."

"Of course. We all know that. She can be the most insulting woman that I know, and when she feels like it rip things out almost like a man. And on the other hand, to give the devil his due and since we are talking, she is the most excessively reserved and delicate creature—I offend her, I know, twenty times a day."

"You confess you do admire her then—you are compelled to, you can't help yourself."

"Some sides of her, yes. But I am determined to lessen her influence with Patrice all I can. I never did believe the friendship of a disappointed woman to be the best thing for a pure young girl."

Mr. Worth re-entered, smiling and rubbing his hands. "Works like a charm. My queen, don't forget to hand me the memoranda of your wants in town. I'll make them the special business of a clerk the moment I arrive. And Jack, you and Professor Byram fix up the poetry at once. I'll mention the matter to a publisher friend of mine, whom I'm sure to meet at the club. I'm glad the idea occurred to us the time we three went fishing. From what the Professor says I believe he's just the man to polish up your verses with his scholarship."

Wytcherly expressed his sense of obligation, adding: "I turned the scrap-book over to him yesterday and told him to help himself. I'm sick to death of the old jingles myself, and if the able professor is able to make anything of them, he's welcome to assimilate the aggregation, I am sure."

"Do hear him, Harriett," said Mr. Worth. "Like all the literary fellows—needs a manager, some one to shove him along. Jack produces the wares, but never thinks they must be marketed. That's no way to succeed, Jack. Suppose I left the goods I make to moulder in my warehouses. Well I'll constitute myself your salesman for this once, and we'll see, we'll see."

Miss Powell romped into the room with an athletic skip. "I've brought Romaine," she announced. "She's here to see you off, Uncle Worth."

Mrs. Eccleston entering was shrewdly watched by the interested invalid. "She can't throw dust in my eyes," the latter said to herself. "She's pretty smart, but she needn't pretend while I'm around that she is not over ears in love with the man."

Mr. Worth took occasion to inform his favourite: "I will return from town early next week, and while I'm there I mean to put our scheme in motion to utilize our Tower."

"Our scheme?" she puzzled. "Oh yes, I remember—what was it?"

"I am depending on you," he replied, "or I would not dare to undertake it. It's a little too big for fun."

"Yes, Romaine, you must take pity on him," interposed his wife spitefully. "Poor good man, considering his lack of early advantages and his absence of culture—"

"Now I remember," interrupted Mrs. Eccleston. "But I fancied that at the earliest it was still a remote event, Mr. Worth."

"Remote events were never in my line," the gentleman stated a little pompously. "Procrastination may steal from time, but not from me. To

execute upon the spot has always been my special way of doing things."

"What's this tremendous mystery?" Patrice demanded. "I insist I wish to know."

"Ask Romaine," responded sly Mr. Worth.

"On my word I am ignorant," laughed Mrs. Eccleston. "It seems I'm promised for it, though."

The steam yacht Turquoise waited in the straits to bear her owner to Chicago. The entire household of the Castle descended to the dock to see the master off. The haven was snug, walled on three sides by rock and so deep as to afford no anchorage. The dock, a floating one, was moored by cables to the face of the cliff, upon whose top was built the tower. As they descended in the elevator through a shaft bored in the rock, Mr. Worth drew the attention of his guests to the ingenious construction of the little port, and he continued to dilate upon its excellences, until he stepped into the launch that bore him to the vessel's side.

. . . .

Patrice and Mrs. Eccleston had engaged in a rather warm discussion on their walk that afternoon through the pines.

The girl flourished a letter in her hand. "Came this morning," she excitedly confided. "Guess from whom! George of course. He says a lot, principally how lovely I am, and how nearly he's distracted. My, but I do revel in reducing George to that low groveling state!"

"Naughty, naughty, Sugarplums," reproved Mrs. Eccleston. "George Morton is an honest and a handsome chap, one who can be warranted to be good forever to his wife."

"You needn't print a list of George's virtues," Patrice pouted. "Don't I know he's just the kind to keep deadly devoted the rest of my natural days. And why must you persist in marrying me off to a chap who is just honest and in love and that's all. You wouldn't take him yourself."

"Wouldn't I!" exclaimed Mrs. Eccleston. "I would not exchange George Morton for the most pretentious pedant that teaches in the University."

"Oh, that's fine to talk," snapped Patrice. "You're not the one who has to live with George."

"Well, you are in no urgent need of a home yourself, Patrice. You can afford to revel in the winsomeness of your own company," Mrs Eccleston mocked.

"But don't you understand you simply could not lead an intellectual life with George, dear boy though he is," worried the girl. "George hasn't the faintest sympathy with culture and he hee-haws at advanced ideas. He is just George, plain devoted George, without so much as a hint of the artistic temperament."

"Patrice, you're a *big* little goose!" scolded her friend, vainly repressing smiles.

"But if you had perpetually to live with a man like that, you'd choke him to death, Romaine—you would, I know you."

"No, I'd be so thankful that he was clean and good and wholesome through and through, that I would love him to death instead."

"Yes, but," excepted Patrice, "am I for the sake of just George to sacrifice my whole intellectual life?"

"Couldn't you lead it off your own bat, so to speak?" Mrs. Eccleston asked guilelessly.

"Be sensible, Romaine! How much chance would advanced ideas get in the same house with George? Horses, dogs and now automobiles—"

"But you like horses and dogs, and I daresay automobiles."

"Don't I! But automobiles will not help one to progress a little bit. For what I ever learned that is worth while from George, I might as well have associated with his groom."

"Why do we women only really see truly, when it is too late to do us any good?" sighed Mrs. Eccleston.

"Don't ask me, I don't know," disclaimed Patrice.—"But you needn't look so sad about it as that, Romaine. I don't mean to throw George over today or to get engaged to my professor tomorrow. Not to be sure will not hurt either one of them a little bit."

"Is not that cruel, Sugarplums?"

"It's common-sense, Romaine."

"I never associated common-sense and you."

"Didn't you? I've always known I had it. I'd much rather be brilliant and erratic, as you are, instead; but I can't. I am conscientious about developing my mind; but sometimes I think I'd better give it up. I oughtn't to admit it, because I know he is good for me, but honestly the last few days I've nearly yawned in Professor Byram's solemn face."

"When I see George, I will tell him never to abandon hope."

. . .

That night in his room under the lighthouse roof Wytcherly lay wakeful. With head upon the pillow he could glimpse through the window square the faintly shimmering channel, and see beyond the opaque blotch which contained Idlenesse.

He served her for distraction, did he? He was one in a long succession of entertainers to that majesty, her woe? And when the interest flagged, she would dismiss him with a gratuity of thanks, and immediately hunt another comedian or tragedian to divert her in his stead, no doubt.

The supposition roused him to resentment and then to a fierce male need of vindication. He would prove that she could not afford to take him lightly; he would conquer, make her his.

But there awaited him at breakfast a note that bade him come to Idlenesse that evening. It's tone, rather than its words, stilled his hurt egoism, awakening softer desires.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

MOON AND SHORE.

He was welcomed shyly in lamp-lit Idlenesse that night. The sitting-room, as he observed, had been arranged against his coming, the blinds drawn, a paper dragon-screen set before the unshut door, while on the hearth were placed the pine-knots to be fired to take the chill from the invading air.

Her phase was different, too. The hazel eyes he fancied were luminous and misty both; her hair, the shining net, half crown, half halo burned; while the colour in her ivory face glowed faintly, radiance of flame shut in a crystal lantern. And as he closer drew, he suspected the delicious shiver in her limbs, and felt that the whole heart of her embraced him through her adoring eyes.

. . . .

She walked before him regally as Salome before King Herod. She challenged and invited and forbade him with the fervour of her regard. She retreated and advanced until he felt her fragrant breath upon his cheek. The hot colour of her face vied with the hot colour of her hair, and the scarlet lips curved, recurved, with enticing smiles, with words unspoken. It was the ancient seduction of the sex.

She checked him, nevertheless. "Nay, I never said you were to touch me. I shall have to teach you manners, you rough boy. Hands off, I say! What, you think because a lady loves you, you can manhandle her! You're primitive, Jack Wytcherly."

She taught the lesson. And he, sensitive lest he expose some ignorance of delicacy, learned quickly.

Liberties were her prerogative; she allowed her hand to touch his hands, his hair, even to pat his cheek did she choose, and he, quivering under the light caress, looked gratitude therefor. She indulged her fondness with impunity, he was so tamed.

"Now you make a very proper sweetheart," archly she congratulated him. "You do not startle; you are not rude. Your manner is as gentle as it should be to your lady." Drawing off and regarding him with mocking glance she tantalized; then with sudden burning flush she whispered: "Hope that soon some day you shall receive your good reward!"

. . . .

A peculiar hour theirs was the latest of a gilded afternoon, when the yellow light immersed every particle in a liquid gold. Or when, having accepted the invitation of the beach they had walked miles upon the pounded sands, themselves engrossed with the chromatic variance of the lake, their hands would lock in sudden consciousness of unity, a unity which may have preceded birth. And, too, when seated

perchance on huge parts of rock, he idly tossing pebbles in the lagooned water, she with long hands folded in her lap and quiet eyelids shading unquiet eyes, both would be visited by vague oppression falling unannounced, and their regard would merge in mutual hopelessness.

A long evening, memorable to them, was spent in the closed sitting-room of Idlenesse. Without, within the hour, it had turned cold, and the wind in the chimney whistled. He, crouched upon the rug before the hearth, fed pitchy pine to the leaping fire, while she from a chair behind, discovered fancies in the glowing wood, and mused on them

She mused and he was motionless. In the warmth both sank into silent reverie.

She moved a foot at last. He stirred.

She spoke. "When you are great, and I am somewhat old—"

"I never shall be great, and you never should be old."

"When you are great, and I, when I am old—I wonder, I do wonder, will you remember me."

He turned to look. She was bending forward in that familiar attitude of hers, chin in her hand, an elbow on her knee, one arm hanging at her side,—a Sybil of Burne-Jones.

She scrutinized the future. "When you are famous and I am only ancient, will she be as kind to you in your success, as I was when you were forlorn? She may love, but will she comprehend Jack Wytcherly?" Wisely she shook her head. "I doubt it, on my soul I do."

He smiled at her lore. "Dear lady," he continued, "you rate me both too high, and much too low. A great man?" He made his platform of the rug: "A man to be great must needs be not too tender or too nice. And I suspect at heart he should be cold. I may be volatile—I am. I may be other unwise things besides. But I hate to crush a fly, and where the great man shows relentless, I—I vacillate. Never dream that dream for me—I early left off dreaming it myself."

"If so," she sighed—with new contentment possibly—"you will be better for that woman who's to love you. And yet"—she bent still lower over him—"I would not see your wings clipped for a woman's sake."

A mystic night they wandered on the sands. A large moon blanched the shore, and caused the moving crests upon the lake to gleam.

A question formed in the man's heart out of his humility: "Tell me if you will, or if you can, how or why you care—if you do care."

She drew her fingers from his clasp, and stopped and looked at him. "Can I express, define—so limit it? I only can compare it, or so it seems to me. Perhaps as a solicitous mother loves her son, or a young girl her earliest love. Nay, more! There's tenderness, an infinity of it, and passionate desire, if only it might be granted me, to make up to you whatever life and fortune have not brought. All that you haven't had, that would I be. All that you are bound to fail in, that would I supply. Is it a vast ambition for one fond and foolish woman? Yet 'tis mine. To compensate in some poor measure for your trouble of having lived."

She stood distinct upon the shore, still as some silvern statue, while the moon drenched her substance in pale light. Lithe and tall, the intense face raised a little, her long hands gathered at her breast, she invoked of Fate fate's pity upon her beloved and herself.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

HOPE AND FEAR.

"I am a strong woman," said Mrs. Eccleston. "And you—you are a man. 'Twould be a pity if between us we could not have a little of our way in the world."

Wytcherly made some faint assent, but kept his face turned from her. This night the futility of ideal sentiment, the ineffectuality of himself, was borne home to him

Presently he arose from his position at her feet and stepped to the window. Pitch-black stood the night, penetrated only by the alternating flash of the revolving beacon across the channel. But of sound the air was full; the north wind howled, and the fall of breakers on the lakeward shore shook the cottage.

Half turning, he studied in a fixed glance the woman sitting by the hearth, her idle hands upon her knees, her great eyes staring, as into the beyond.

A compunction softened him. How heart-weary somehow was her pose, how old her body seemed for once!

How could she, more than any other woman know the world! Despite her intelligence and abundant hearsay knowledge she remained ignorant, as a watcher from a tower is ignorant of the reality within the labouring ship he sights. This room, suffused with mellow light, the books in their carved wooden cases, the few charming pictures, the antique stately furniture,—in their distinction was not her quality expressed, as by their exclusiveness her limitation indicated?

The world without, the world known to a man, rough, vulgar, crowded, in which advancement was secured by the baser virtues, she knew that it roared, as sitting in protection she knew the lake was wild. A clever woman is condemned to be a doctrinaire. To Mrs. Eccleston the problem of success, if exacting, appeared simple, since she assumed that of necessity a high justice governed in the end.

But he had been taught in a hard school. He knew that a few men were made and many broken; he had seen the pit in which the fight went on; he had learned the governing conditions, death for him who fell, existence for a period to him who kept upon his feet. The value in the arena of the terms of cant, human brotherhood, the equity of rights, he knew. Opportunity, sleek, treacherous, flattery-feeding Opportunity, was the deity to be propitiated, to be invoked. That his own opportunity was Mr. Worth, his whole previous experience testified. His duty—to himself, to the children dependent upon him—demanded that he wheedle the money-prince.

His clear perception of what he styled the facts did not preclude compassion for the woman who was their victim, as was he himself. In response to a feeling akin to remorse, he slunk back to the place upon the rug at her feet and pressed his despondent cheek against her knee.

Her light hand caressed his hair And she resumed, as if she had but broken off. "Yes, I am strong and you are clever, and we both know what we want, Jack Wytcherly. And if, what I do not believe, I sin, God, who sees into the very heart, must pardon me for my devotion's sake. He must, —He will."

She brooded over him. "My own poor boy, my dear, mine own! All I can do for you I know, I know. Oh we'll work, we'll suffer, we'll do whatever is required. And we will win.—I think the trouble has been always that you've not had me."

Was it the conceit of woman, the conviction of the sex that she is a blessing to a man, however much the cost? Or was it the divine maternity, which feels the weakness of the male and even to the pitch of sacrifice would strengthen him.

"And if we fail"—her voice deepened—"if we fail, Jack Wytcherly, at least we shall have known that we deserved well, that we did our best. Even so, it will be given us to look into one another's eyes at last, to feel that we have had the courage of our love."

Fail! The word strummed in his ear.

She voiced the argument within her mind. "Yes, I can rely upon myself, I know. And I am convinced I'm justified in disengaging my life from conditions that degrade. I will to be free that I may be noble and sincere, that I may live unselfishly—for you, Jack Wytcherly." The clear exultance in her tone was the ring of courage and of faith.

His was the sodden mood. "Have you considered what the cost to you will be?"

"Cost?" she queried, groping for his meaning.—"Oh, what the cost will be!" she repeated in high scorn. "Have I not paid that in full by all the bitter years of my bondage? Oh, like a very slave I've bought my manumission.—God knows with what toll of shame!—And now," her joy welled forth, "I am left free, free to love and live and help at last!"

He slipped his hand into her own to express silently what he could not

hypocritically speak in words. "Dear hand!" She stroked it. "Dear hand, so sensitive, so cunning! What tedious tasks it has performed, what glorious work it is to do!"

"What faith!" he murmured.

"Too much?" she queried.

Unconsciously he betrayed his irritation. "Am I a prophet?" he rejoined.

Slow enlightenment overspread her face. "Is my faith credulous,—do you mean it is?" she asked reluctantly. "I could not be to you all that I hoped,—I would hinder more than help?" Slowly she framed these possibilities.

He did not answer. Electrical Wytcherly showed stolid for once.

Pain stabbed her heart; her face turned so piteous that it was well he did not see.—"Then it may not be certain that true love compels things finally to come right," her thought ran. "And the need he has for me, the need I imagined very great, may not exist." She confessed aloud: "I—I have ever been credulous—the shrewd have called me foolish and too fond."

He stared into the fire without a word.

"Mere woman," she continued, "fancies herself so much to any man, though he be Jove. 'Tis our feminine infirmity.—I, indispensable to you!" She mocked herself. "I should be flattered that I am an episode."

The comfort of platitudes!—he proffered it. But while she listened with a soft smile of tenderness to his stilted reassurances, her brain was skeptical.

. . . .

The hour struck when he must go.

"I fear your crossing that black water." She made as if to detain him.

"The storm is dying," he assured her.

"It's more than the water that I fear." Her face, partly averted, flushed. "Almost I could bid you stay, I fear so much to let you go.—You never will return to me as you are now."

In restlessness she walked the narrow room, clasping her hands and breaking them apart. "This—this is my opportunity. I'm told that it is so," half aloud she said. "It is, it is. Yet I dare not, dare not—because, forsooth I am a good woman, because I have traditions." With an intense gesture she made as if she would pluck high quality from her bosom to cast it underfoot.

Wytcherly remained supine. If it occurred to him that here also was his opportunity to conquer as a man, to make this woman his, it was not as a temptation. Indeed, his impulse was to recall to her some consciousness of her own eminence; for as a sentimentalist he objected to the diminishment of the ideal illusion he enjoyed.

She interrupted. "Yes, yes. I am what you say. I am a fine lady, that I know. But because I am, you repudiate me as a workaday utensil; my sentiment is beautiful, but it will not serve as daily bread. Indeed, I understand now what I am, clearly understand. I have trusted fine professions all my life, believed in fine abstractions, held my high head up in an atmosphere too fine. And conversely I have poured out pearls before swine from the day I first had my hair done up. I have worn my heart on my sleeve, sacrificed myself for the benefit of brutes and people of no consequence. I see distinctly I am a fearful ass."

He protested feebly.

"Gullible!" she burst out again. "No pretty word, but the one descriptive of me. It explains my life, it accounts now for my silly faith that I can prove all things to you. Because of it, in my infatuation I am ready to handicap you fatally at the very moment in which for the first time in your hard life a chance has come your way.—I am impossible."

She laughed unmusically. "Jack Wytcherly, do you know, the meanest devil in all hell is amused at the chagrin of the pure idealist who is confronted with the destructive consequences of heroical intentions."

The telephone in the next room rang in metallic glee.

The message announced Mr. Worth's arrival at the Castle late that afternoon.

(*To be Continued*)

SUNSET ON THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER AT PRINCE ALBERT

WHEAT FIELDS LIE AT PRINCE ALBERT'S DOOR

Prince Albert, Gateway to Hudson's Bay

By B. W. Wallace

Secretary Prince Albert Board of Trade

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"THE West" has moved on before the cowboy and the farmer; the throne of the saddle has been displaced by the democracy of the tourist car; and now "The North" is moving nearer and nearer the Arctic circle before the lumberjack and the fur-trader, the prospector and the shrieking saw. It was not long ago that Winnipeg was "The Frozen North" to the American school-children—Canada was lumped off in my geography with two frost-bitten paragraphs—but I should like to have everyone who still believes that the demi-god geographer was infallibly correct see Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

In the merchants' offices are marvelous showings of grains and fruits raised in this district; in the farmers' barns are prize stock; on their ranges are the hardy sweet-fleshed cattle of the North; and if you took a peep into the store-rooms and hanging-shelves of the housekeepers you would find as enticing an array of preserves and jams as in any American household.

North of the beautiful Saskatchewan River, just across from the city, is a valuable area of pine-forest, and this, together with the export fish from the lakes still further north and the large annual output of furs from the northern tracts which are shipped through Prince Albert markets to the manufacturing centers of Eastern Canada, Europe and the United States, all tend to make the city and district of Prince Albert well worth the attention of anyone seeking a home in Western Canada.

The quality of land is second to

none in the West. It consists, generally speaking, of a black loam varying in depth from six to thirty inches or more with clay subsoil. The North Saskatchewan River passes through this district, and it, together with numerous tributaries, creeks and streams affords at all times an abundant supply of wholesome water. Everywhere, where running water is not accessible, water of first-class quality can be secured at easy depth. The seasonable rains and long bright days in summer cause rapid growth, while the temperate climate produces grain better matured and of higher market value than can be secured in the south. The vast quantities of rank, nutritious native grasses which are found everywhere, coupled with the uniform climate, enable horses and cattle to winter out in many cases without ever being hand-fed or attended to in any way except for water.

The largest timber belt in Canada, according to Government reports, extends 3,000 miles across the continent, and is 200 miles wide, crosses the northern portion of the province. The city of Prince Albert touches its southern edge, and derives substantial support from vast quantities of timber which are manufactured in the mills here, and are exported to meet the demand of the great rush of settlers, who are annually locating on the plains extending all the way to the American boundary. The timber area is so vast as to be practically inexhaustible. Fuel and building material are always at hand.

Throughout the timber belt and to the north of it are found considerable stretches of fresh water lakes and streams teeming with sturgeon, whitefish jackfish, pickerel, and salmon-trout of delicious quality, the commercial value of which is yearly attracting more and more attention. Camps are established at the lakes, the fish are packed in boxes and freighted by the farmers to Prince Albert, whence they are shipped to American cities, and are disposed off at a profit which affords substantial remuneration to the men engaged in the business.

In the unsettled portions of the northern part of the province and the unexplored country beyond are found beaver, bear, ermine, fisher, black fox, red fox, silver fox, lynx, marten, mink, musk ox and wolverine. Prince Albert has always been the marketing point for furs gathered throughout this northern country, and every year in the neighborhood of $300,000 worth of furs is exported from this city.

The mineral wealth of this district is as yet an unknown quantity, because it has not been developed. With the increasing population and extension of industrial effort, more thought is being given to the wealth which lies under the ground. It has long been known that there is a considerable quantity of gold in the sandy bed of the Saskatchewan River, but it was feared that extracting it would not be profitable. During the past season a dredge has been at work on the river west of the city and its operations have demonstrated that not only can gold be taken out profitably, but that there is another metal present whose value is even greater than that of gold. This is platinum. The Highland, which has proven such a vast source of wealth to Eastern Canada, curves around the southern and western sides of Hudson's Bay and passes through a large portion of Northern Saskatchewan. There is every reason to believe that these rocky beds contain in the West as great and varied supplies of valuable minerals as are found in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime provinces. There are also large deposits of the highest grade pressed brick clay and pottery clay, as well as marl.

Prince Albert is no mushroom growth of yesterday. It is the geographical center of the province and long ago was selected as a natural trading point and market by the early settlers, long before the establishment of railway communication. The business portion of the town is built upon a slope, thirty or forty feet above the level of the river, which insures good sanitation. The water-works system is exceptionally good; the sewerage system now under construction will provide complete drainage; the electric

light plant is unusually efficient; the Bell Telephone Service connects the city with the surrounding country; and in all points the city is modern and thoroughly up-to-date.

The public school system is of a high order. Work up to the second year's standing in Arts in Canadian Universities can be done in the Central School. There are about one thousand pupils enrolled.

In all, Prince Albert is unusually fortunate in location, resources, and the progressive spirit of its citizens. Anyone coming to the city will notice at once its busy air, from the lumber mills on the north to the cement works on the south of the city. It is the last northern city and undreamed of possibilities lie before it. Prince Albert looks to Hudson's Bay for the new Fort Churchill route, which is fast becoming a reality instead of a rainbow dream. Some day she will be the Quebec of the North, and through her markets will go Canada's surplus wheat to fill Liverpool's granaries.

ONE OF THE SOURCES OF PRINCE ALBERT'S WEALTH

The Tenderfoot

Canada's Hero in Homespun

By Charles E. Sands

THEY tell of British heroes on Afric's sun-burned veldt
Who fight all day and guard all night, with tightened cartridge-belt.
They kept the old flag flying; they painted red the map,
But the hero that I sing of is a different kind of chap.
He comes to learn "the rawnching"; he thinks he knows a lot;
He's English, very English, but he often hits the spot.
He comes to "show the natives" in the last, unlimbered West,
But "the natives" do the showing, and perhaps you'll guess the rest.

He comes to learn "the rawnching": "paid a hundred quid," you bet.
(At least, his "guv'nor" paid it, when he said, "You'll have to git!")
But he finds that sixty acres, and a little cedar shack
Comprise the "rawnch" he looked for, and he's rather taken 'back.
How they do the trick in England, he is quite inclined to tell,
And the rancher listens calmly, for he knows it pays him well.
By and by the boy discovers that he doesn't know so much,
And takes the plow and good advice—he sees it's meant for such.

He takes the situation with a grim, good-humored "haw,"
And soon learns how to swing the axe, and how to wield the saw.
The hands that once were strong and white and never had to work,
Grow brown and firmer every day; he's never known to shirk.
He used to go to bed at dawn, and rise late after noon;
He now goes to his bunk at dusk, and daylight comes too soon,
For he is cook and chore-boy, too, and has to make the mush,
Cook flap-jacks, plum-duff, Boston beans, and coffee they call "slush."

But all his English letters are full of life and "git,"
He tells them of his overalls—a Piccadilly fit!
And all about the "raising," and of the "logging-bee,"
And also of his vain attempt to down a cedar tree.
He writes that he can beat the "boss" in hitching up the team,
And that he thinks the "stag-dance" the funniest thing he's seen.
He pictures every incident in colors bright and gay,
And sends a kiss to all the girls—including pretty May.

He learns and thinks; he fights and wins; and in the sturdy West
His name is spoken with respect by those who know him best,
Who love him for his work well done, his worth, and kindly strength,
And give the patient Tenderfoot a strong man's place at length.
His former "boss" who broke him in, and set him on his way,
Now comes to him for hints on how to make his farming pay.
He brings his younger brother out; makes pretty May his wife,
And says he finds what most men miss—his Paradise in life.

We're proud of England's soldiers—the khaki and the red
Still stir our blood and win our praise, but let it here be said
That our Canadian hero who has made the wilderness
Yield wheat and gold and cattle, is worth a toast no less.
Stand up! Fill glasses! Three times three for the gallant Tenderfoot
Who breaks the sod and clears the scrub and pulls the stubborn root,
Who wars with storm and cold and flood, 'gainst famine, wind, and fire,
And wins, by virtue of his blood to his own heart's desire.

John Bull's Bread Basket

The Story of Canadian Wheat

By Herbert Vanderhoof

Published simultaneously in The Canada West and the Metropolitan Magazine

WITH a long drawn "whoa!" the driver pulled up. We were on the slope of a low pass which seemed to separate two vast dales. To the south were bluffs covered with poplar, just turning from green to gold. To the north, perhaps a hundred feet below, lay a lake dotted with wooded islands, and along its farther shores we could see the scattered homes of many settlers. Fine cattle were feeding in fertile fields, where grass, wild peas and Saskatoon berries grew knee high.

This, then, was the gateway to the Saskatchewan valley, famous buckle of the hard wheat belt. The scene should be known for one of the fairest in the world. Here at our feet lay the heart of Canada's grain fields, which stretched east and west for 900 miles, north and south for 500. "Canada lies West"—gazing, one realized the force of the prophecy. In these rich, black, waxy lands, magnificent with potential harvests, lay the new found strength of a nation. In this one-time wilderness where Indians had lurked in ambush, now smiled neat homes, white-walled, with green shutters and deep verandas. This valley, which was once a famous hunting ground, the scene of fierce tribal wars, had become a place of peace. To the north, not so many miles distant, and pushed but a little way back since the earliest days of the *Voyageur* and *Courier du bois*, lay the primeval forest, trodden no longer by the wasting Red Man, but untamed yet, almost unhandselled; where the winters closed down, wrapping them in a silence broken only by the loon's cry or the crash of a snow laden tree—the same sounds, the same aching silence endured in the old days by the factor of the Hudson's Bay Company post.

"So this," said I to the driver, "is what you call John Bull's bread-basket?"

"Who has been telling you that?" questioned the big-boned Canadian, flecking a fly from the neck of the cayuse. "Some newspaper chap or poetry writer, I'll bet—not any of our people. You see, there are fellows in every country who are never satisfied to tell the truth—just natural born liars, so to speak. The fact is there is as much wheat grown in the State of Kansas as we raise in all Western Canada. But we haven't started yet, and Kansas has been at it a long time. We've got the climate and the soil, but we need farmers. Canada ain't any nation's bread-basket yet, but it may be some day. The Government crop experts tell us we can produce one billion bushels of wheat each year, and if the time ever comes when we do, not only Great Britain, but Uncle Sam and all the other nations on earth will just naturally keep their eyes on Canada."

As the driver shook the lines and the lithe little cayuse scampered away down the slope, I remembered the statement of my host of the night before to the effect that Western Canada's grain crop alone in 1906 had yielded approximately one hundred million dollars—nearly four times the value of the entire gold output of the whole Dominion—and

at present in the wide stretches of the grain provinces were only 805,000 men, women and children. One hundred million dollars in grain produced by less than one million persons, who do various other things in the meantime—build railways, dig canals, irrigate small empires, rear fifteen storey buildings, bridge great rivers, sleep, eat, drink and saw wood—was not bad, even if that happy day when the eyes of Uncle Sam and all the other nations on earth should be turned upon Canada were still a thing of the future.

Then I thought of other millions which my host did not mention: the millions wrought from the forests and out of the mines, and still other millions from cattle, sheep, hogs, honey, fruit, and garden truck. And I remembered that the work had only just begun, that only a few trees had been felled in the forests, only a few acres of a vast domain of wheat land had been broken, and I asked myself whether, in five or six years, when 3,000,000 people are working away where less than one-third of that number work to-day, when the railways now in course of construction have been completed, when unexplored areas have been opened up—whether the annual production would not be more than treble what it was in 1906.

Have you ever noticed the farm boy let down the bars into a new fresh meadow, while the cows impatiently crowd around him, craning their necks, revelling in anticipation? The bars down, they do not remain to graze near the gate, neither do they begin at one side and work painstakingly across the field. North, east, south, west they scatter over their new preserve, trampling down more than they eat. It is the embarrassment of riches.

And here is your simile from the grass and the herd: Western Canada was the big, new meadow reaching from the International line to the Peace River of the North, eastward to Hudson's Bay, and westward to the Rockies. As it is with the cows so it was with the pioneers when the barriers between east and west, north and south had been removed by the extension of railway facilities. Into the meadow poured the pioneers, revelling in the great good land which for a century and a half had been the domain of fur monopolists, fortified by Government influence and armored in arrogant conviction that for them alone had nature evolved the immense potentialities of half a continent. The first settlers, on reaching the prairies from the south and east, spurned the land that lay nearest at hand, scattering far and wide to the utmost corners of the new-old world. Many sought a hardy livelihood trading in peltries with the Company; others fished or cut timber, and still others prospected for gold. But a vast majority turned to cattle raising. It became the dream of the early pioneers that one day Western Canada would become the beef market of Old England. And not till the coming of wheat did the dream change. When the trail of the Hudson's Bay Company was still over the country the rancher was not welcome—yet he came. The cowman did not want the farmer, but the farmer in turn ousted him.

The day of the fur baron passed; the day of the cattle grower was done. Canada at last was awake.

Here, as elsewhere, the coming of real civilization waited upon the railroads. Nature gave to Western Canada, in her magnificent lakes and riverways, an unequalled system of interior communication, but they were like unto the separate links of a chain until man undertook to connect them and to cover the whole face of the vast country with a network of steel tracks.

In 1881 there was not one single mile of railroad in Manitoba and the West. To-day 8,000 miles are completed and in service. Out of the country which these lines tap came 85,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1905 and nearly 100,000,000 in 1906. The farmers on these prairies in 1905 shipped for export 55,000 head of cattle, averaging 1,325 pounds each; in 1906, 80,000 head. To harvest the crops of the prairie west an army of 23,000 men was imported, and

more were needed. This was the country which was slow to find itself! From the Atlantic to the Pacific Canada operates 24,000 miles of railway; from the tide-water to the Great Lakes she has built a system of canals which cost her approximately $1,000,000,000—a sum which she paid courageously with a promptness entirely out of keeping with the fact that her population to-day is less than ours was more than a century ago.

And despite the fact that her railway mileage per capita already is greater than that of any other nation on earth, there are to-day in Canada under contract, or in actual construction 9,000 miles of new lines.

In the work of widening the field for personal rights and personal opportunity the Canadian Pacific was the pioneer. It was the road which opened to the traveler the last wilderness, to the world the Last West. In the years that have sped since Lord Strathcona, on November 7, 1885, drove the last spike in the transcontinental line, a new nation has been born. What part in the accouchement ceremony has the railroad played? Remember this was on Prince Rupert's Land—a world of mystery over which the "fur trust" held sway. Is it not something to win and build an empire to make it ready for the occupancy of the people of the earth? Is it not a great and significant thing to institute competition where the most exacting of monopolies had reigned supreme, to substitute democracy for an absolutism, to offer a fair chance for all in place of special privilege for the few? Take a peep at the big map in the land commissioner's office. A bright-headed tack shows every settler in every district in this new-old land of virgin prairies, forests primeval, singing rivers and laughing lakes—and the railroad brought him here. Study the tacks. They tell the story of the most remarkable population movement known to history.

In the last ten years Iowa has sent nearly twenty thousand of her sons and daughters to settle in Western Canada. From Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Washington, Idaho, the farmers came. Minnesota sent eight or ten thousand a year, North Dakota seven thousand, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin, say, five thousand each. The Canadian Pacific is building nineteen new branches—it is spending six million dollars for rails and seven and one-half millions for rolling stock. But build as it will, it cannot keep pace with the needs of the day; the crops threaten to swamp all transportation. The railroad is moving fast, fast—but the inrushing thousands are moving faster.

The Canadian Northern, following where the older company led, has reached out into rich fields. Its new line to Edmonton goes straight through the heart of the Saskatchewan Valley and taps as fertile an agricultural district as the world has ever known. The rapidity with which towns have sprung up in this district is inconceivable to the man who has never listened to the song of the saw or the sharp conversation of the hammer with the nail in the building of an empire.

The Grand Trunk Pacific, a giant project, just now is engaging the energies of the Government and the genius of Charles M. Hays, the Yankee railroad man who rebuilt the old Grand Trunk. Other railways have been built by adding one rail to another, five thousand miles of Grand Trunk Pacific are being completed simultaneously, and branch lines are taking form before the main line has known an engine. And recently "Jim" Hill, with a great Canadian enterprise, returned to his native country to get a share of the good things. Verily, these be brave days for the railroad man in Western Canada.

When the railroads came the means of transporting wheat suggested the growing of wheat, and rapidly the grain trade assumed size and loomed up on the horizon as a new big factor in the country's development. In 1877 the Hon. William Hespler built Western Canada's first grain elevator at the town of Niverville, in Manitoba. In 1886 official authoritative statistics of Canada's yearly crops began to be compiled. In that year Western

Canada's wheat exports amounted to only 4,000,000 bushels. In 1890 they were 11,500,000 bushels, and by 1900 the total had jumped to 17,000,000 bushels.

Six years ago Western Canada began to attract attention by exporting to the outer world annual grain values of 50,000,000 bushels and over. It was a beginning. This year the Western Canadian wheat crop has neared the hundred million bushel mark, and as yet the plow has scratched merely the edges of the great rich grain belt.

My driver in the Saskatchewan Valley had given me a clue, and by following it I got a somewhat adequate grasp of the situation by instituting a comparison between the State of Kansas and the whole of Western Canada. It was then that I saw what a mere pittance the 100,000,000 bushels of to-day are compared with the harvests which the years of the future will reap.

Since 1901 the wheat crop of Canada's prairie provinces has amounted year by year approximately to the same total as that of Kansas, but against the fifty-three million acres in the State of Kansas the possible wheat belt of Canada boasts a total area of no less than one hundred and seventy million acres. Of this about five million acres were sowed to wheat in 1906. If Canada ever utilizes the whole of her wheat growing possibilities and if her present average yield per acre be maintained, she will turn into the world's bread-basket more than thirty times her present annual production. But there are "ifs" here you say. Very well—for argument's sake cut 170,000,000 acres in half. This leaves 85,000,000 acres. Then to be on the safe side, reduce the average allowance per acre to 10, a reduction of 50%. Multiply 85,000,000 by 10, and your answer to this little problem in arithmetic is 850,000,000 bushels.

So much for quantity. Fortunately quality in products is an attribute upon which Canadians particularly insist, and endeavor to produce. To them as a nation, and to one man in particular, the whole flour consuming population of the world are under obligation for the separating from a host of other varieties one that is pre-eminently a high class milling wheat. The discovery of the celebrated Red Fyfe was made some sixty years ago by a Canadian farmer named David Fyfe, and by him propagated until its value as a milling wheat has been demonstrated and seed secured sufficient to supply first a few townships, then counties, then the Northwestern States and, finally, all the spring wheat country of North America. The standard of the quality of Canadian wheat is most rigidly maintained by an Act of Federal Parliament called the Grain Inspection Act. This Act fixed the standards of different grades of wheat very much upon the same basis as they are fixed in the States, but with this difference, that the standard for Canadian No. 2 Northern is as high as the standard for No. 1 in the United States. Above this grade there is No. 1 Northern and No. 1 Hard.

A week ago at Indian Head I talked with a man named Wilson. In 1897 he had bought 320 acres at five dollars an acre. "It was more land than I had ever dreamed of owning, but I had the money and I wanted to spend it," he said. "I was scared a little at first, afraid I had bitten off more than I could chew. But I needn't have worried."

Of a truth he need not have worried. Those acres which he had purchased were so unexpectedly fertile and in the first season of his ownership, they yielded so bountifully of their wealth that prosperity smote him hip and thigh. He bought more and again more. "This last season I took 22,000 bushels of wheat and 9,000 bushels of oats from my farm," he told me. "I own 1,700 acres, one third of which I have always allowed to lie fallow. The farm I paid $5,000 for is now worth $60,000. But my case is one of many. There are hundreds of farmers around here who have done better than I. From Indian Head station alone more than a million and a half bushels of wheat are shipped

every year."

A year ago Hugh McKellar, formerly Deputy Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Manitoba and recently an active force in the upbuilding of Moose Jaw, a thriving city which the recent census declares is the metropolis of the Province of Saskatchewan—a year or two ago, I say, this Hugh McKellar raised a smile in Eastern Canada by declaring that the West would some day yield wheat for the world to the tune of one billion bushels each year. Gradually this smile is fading. The rapidity of development is necessitating a constant revision of old figures, not on the yield alone, but on the possible acreage—and always to the advantage of the West. For instance, the irrigation works of the Canadian Pacific Railway near Calgary have brought into the market three million acres of cultivatable land at one time counted valuable for grazing only. And during 1904 a new element entered into the calculation of ultimate wheat production through the demonstrated success of winter wheat; that is, wheat planted in the fall and harvested three weeks before wheat planted in the spring matures. Phenomenal yields of winter wheat, forty to fifty bushels to the acre, were shown in parts of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. But large as these were they were not so astonishing as the success achieved in Southern Alberta on land previously employed as a cattle range. The variety of winter wheat known as "Kansas Turkey Red" developed remarkable productiveness.

Estimating an annual increase of twenty per cent. for several years in the acreage under wheat, an estimate fully attained by the actual conditions of 1904, 1905 and 1906, we have a total acreage of 8,580,000 in 1910, which, at an average yield of twenty bushels to the acre, would give a crop of 171,600,000 bushels. This is about the amount annually imported by Great Britain, and it does not seem unreasonable to assume that Canada may soon be able to feed the Mother Country. Of course, not all the wheat raised can be exported. Beside the item of home consumption—a growing feature, with the expansion of city life—there is an amount needed for seeding, requiring on the average a bushel and a half to every acre cultivated. We shall not, therefore, have 171,000,000 bushels to export as soon as that amount is harvested, but each year the golden stream of wheat flows wider and swifter and deeper down to the lakes, and the development of only one or two additional years would cover the shortage. Thus it will be seen that the day when Western Canada has fully earned its title of John Bull's Bread Basket is not remote.

The Romance of a Record

By B. W. Snow

Associate Editor of The Orange Judd Farmer

THE sun had dropped below the horizon and the western sky flamed with a glory such as is to be seen only on the prairies of the Northwest. It was reflected in ruddy patches in an open slough, the black shadows of the farther shore slowly creeping out. From the grasses of the margin came the soft contented quack of feeding mallards. Jack Wetherby reined up his horse to drink in the quiet beauty of the scene.

Far off to the left gleamed the lights of the Osgood ranch. In the still air of the early evening sounds travel far. The yelp of a coyote on his right was answered by the bark of the ranch dog. He heard the lowing of a cow, and men's voices as they did the evening chores. Suddenly there mixed with these commonplace sounds the clear notes of a cornet. For the moment Jack was nonplused.

"Now, who the deuce have they got there who can toot one of those horns?" he soliloquized. "Bob Osgood has no more music in him than a cackling hen, and the old man doesn't know bass from soprano. Must be they have got visitors."

The cornet had ceased and was succeeded by the first jangling notes of the piano accompaniment of a popular song. Suddenly Jack remembered to have heard that the Osgoods had a phonograph. It was the first that he had heard on that far Saskatchewan frontier. Somehow it thrilled him as had nothing else since he had four years before set his face to the west to wrest his fortune from the rolling prairies, as yet traversed only by the land looker and trapper. It seemed, somehow, that of a sudden civilization had reached him. That little machine over in theOsgood cabin opened memory doors he had thought closed for all time.

The sunset glow faded to the long twilight of the Northwest. The air grew chill. Jack's horse became impatient, stamping the yielding turf uneasily. Still he sat there, listening to songs and music he had not heard for many a year—"Annie Laurie," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Lohengrin Wedding March," "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," intermingled with popular songs of a day since Jack had cut loose from civilization. It was a queer medley to which this silent audience of one, sitting his horse in the heavy shadows of a poplar thicket, listened.

The coyote crept in nearer as the shadows deepened and his weird clamor broke out so close that once Jack impatiently roused from his reverie to hurl a club in the direction of this disturber. Not till he was sure that the last record had been played did Jack give his horse the reins and start onward for the long gallop to his own ranch.

Wetherby was not on the best of terms with the Osgoods. There had been a difference of opinion as to the ownership of certain yearlings in the spring round-up. Since then, Wetherby and the Osgoods had not been on speaking terms. Now, however, Jack found it convenient to pass the Osgood ranch more evenings than he would have been willing to admit to others, and always he reined up his horse in the shadow of the poplars to listen to the little machine which was furnishing so much of entertainment to the Osgoods and their friends.

Jack soon came to know every record which the Osgoods possessed and

how much they meant to him not even he fully realized. Finally, as he paused to listen one rainy night on his way homeward from the town, he caught an unfamiliar tune.

Must be "they have had some new records come," he muttered, and despite the weather, reined in to listen.

Then it was that there floated out to him the clear contralto of a girlish voice, singularly pure in quality and of a strength which made it seem that he must be listening to the original, and not in a mere record. At the first clear note Jack caught his breath sharply. Could it be? It must be only his imagination, and yet—a coyote broke in with a chorus of yelps. Jack cursed the brute under his breath.

When the din ceased, the song had ceased also. For a long hour Jack sat there, hoping that he might hear it again, but in vain. For a week after he haunted the poplar shadows straining his ears for the notes which had so aroused him that rainy night. Then once again he heard them. Clear and sweet the beautiful refrain of "Violets," "I'll dream of thee the night long, and be true to thee by day," floated up to him.

Surely, surely, it was her voice! It carried him back to the Eastern home, the quiet little sitting room, the embers in the fireplace glowing ruddily in the gathering dusk, and this voice, her voice, singing this favorite of all favorite songs.

They had started the record over again. Could it be, or did he simply imagine that there was a little break in the voice, a little tremulous catch. Pshaw! He was dreaming. It was only a record. His memory and his imagination were making an ass of him. "I'll dream of thee the night long, and be true to thee by day." Surely no other sang this with such expression. The song ended.

Abruptly Jack set his teeth and headed the horse toward the Osgood ranch. He was greeted none too cordially, but swallowing his pride, he briefly stated that he was willing to call bygones bygones, if the Osgoods were, and that he would like to re-establish the old relations. Finding that his call boded good rather than further trouble, the Osgoods met him half way, and he was invited in to hear the phonograph.

Then he told them how he had listened night after night out on the lone prairie. Finally, as he had hoped, they started the record which had primarily led to this reconciliation. Here at closer range it was harder to believe that this voice which thrilled him so could be other than the one which meant so much to him. Turning to Mrs. Osgood, he asked where they obtained that record.

"That," she replied. "Oh, that was made by my niece, a Massachusetts girl. She has a phonograph also, and remembering how fond I used to be of her singing, she made and sent this record to me."

"What part of Massachusetts does she live in, Mrs. Osgood?" inquired Jack, and caught his breath as she replied.

"And her name, may I ask?"

It was indeed the same. By one of those coincidences, which makes truth stranger than fiction, the voice of the girl he had parted from in a lovers' quarrel four years before had reached him in those far Canadian wilds.

Explanations followed, and the surprise of the Osgoods at finding that Jack was an old acquaintance of Mrs. Osgood's favorite niece was not less than Jack's surprise in discovering the relationship between his former sweetheart and his erstwhile enemies.

The Wetherby ranch is one of the most successful in Canada's great wheat belt. It has comfortable buildings and private elevators which denote the prosperity which shrewd business management and hard work have won. Some time, if your trail may lead you that way at the setting of the sun, you may hear a concert well worth listening to. Selections from the best composers the world has ever known, homely little songs which shall live when great deeds have been forgotten, famous bands and noted orchestras, and always it will wind up with a clear, sweet contralto voice singing "Violets." And this last will be the only one which is not a record.

The Pembina and Its Lakes

By Walpole Murdock

Editor of The Star, Hartney, Man.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

THERE are no more beautiful lakes in Western Canada than those along the Pembina River Valley. In the early days the Pembina River, turbid and often swollen, foaming through its deep valley, formed an almost impassable barrier to the westward bound settler. Strange stories are yet told of lost luggage, shipwrecked wagon boxes and rafts, drowned oxen and horses, and sometimes of men swept away by the swift current.

PEMBINA RIVER BETWEEN ITS LAKES

The valley is upwards of a mile wide, and the shores of the river are mountainous in their character. The immense wooded hills, divided by dark ravines, and inclosing a wide, sheltered, and fertile stretch of river-bottom, were at one time the haunt of innumerable herds of elk and other deer. The shores of the river are well wooded with oak and poplar, and on the lower bends elm and ash are found in considerable quantities. The abundance and excellence of the timber on either side of the Pembina are especially appreciated by the people of the plains.

Although elk and deer are naturally much fewer than formerly, still they are to be found in the valley especially in the winter, when they seek shelter in the thick forests and sheltered hollows of the river bottoms. In summer the district surpasses that of any other Manitoba river in the abundance of wild fruit which it affords, and during

the berry season thousands of settlers from the plains bring their families to this favored place to gather raspberries, plums or wild cranberries.

Along the valley are three large depressions which the river fills up, forming a series of lakes that are well known throughout Western Canada. Swan Lake is the first on the river, and is encircled by a timber belt several miles wide. The lake is five or six miles long, and more than a mile wide, the water extending from one steep bank to the other. Owing to the wooded nature of the country there are not so many settlers on its secluded shores, and as its name would indicate, it is the favorite resort for ducks and other wild fowl.

Rock Lake begins in the next township to the west, and is about ten miles long. The shores of this lake are a favorite camping ground for picnic parties through the summer, and are especially beautiful.

Pelican Lake is the largest of the three and lies further to the west. It is on the line of the Canadian Northern, and has become a summer resort for people from a large number of towns along the railway.

All the Pembina chain of lakes afford excellent sport for lovers of the rod and line. On a good day at this season of the year almost every time the angler throws his bait there is a plunge and tug of the most vigorous description, and there is no pleasanter spot to spend a vacation in Western Canada.

A Prairie Sunset

By S. P. Saunders

HEAVEN'S glorious azure dome proclaims the closing day,
In radiant gold and rose the western sky is dyed,
And shimmering guiding lights illume my homeward way,
And wind across the snow-draped prairie side.

Majestic Orb! Resplendent, wondrous, mighty source
Of vivifying heat and life; Prismatic light!
The blood-red Globe sinks low as now his final course
For this glad day has run. The witching night

Which he bequeathes, will soon bestrew the empyrean
With twinkling lights. How wondrously he paints
The sky and lacey clouds in tints of rose and gold and green,
In tones of tender, rainbow harmony!

Athwart the vaulted arch, in outlines flowing bold
The fretted isles that dot the aerial sea are drest
In gay attire, and blend in changes manifold
Like streaming ribbons on a maiden's breast.

With blood-red banners, fluttering wild and free,
And glorious curtains flaunting in the wintry wind,
With burnished waves, like billows of a storm-tossed sea,
He decorates his beauteous evening shrine.

The land, blest daily by his fervid heat and light
Is draped in Winter's hoary livery of snow,
At noon-tide seemed a vast, still lake of purest white,
Now gleams responsively to Heaven's glow.

THE POST ON THE BANKS OF THE PEACE RIVER

Black Eagle

A Story of Peace River as told by the Doctor

By Helen Brodie Sturdy

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

We were sitting on the piazza in the long northern twilight, when old Chief Buffalo-Horns slouched by, grunting a guttural "How!" as he passed the gate..

The Doctor looked after him thoughtfully.

"These old fellows aren't very attractive, are they?" he said. "Treaty-money and gunny-sack trousers spoil their picturesqueness You have to go into the far North to find the real Indian. There was Black Eagle, for instance—"

The Doctor broke off, and tapped the ashes out of his pipe.

Mrs. Doctor laughed.

"That's your reminiscent voice, Doctor," she said. "We're quite ready to hear all about it, but you must begin at the beginning."

The Doctor refilled his briar, and began leisurely, between puffs: "It was when I was along with Commissioner Hartwell's Government party, paying treaty to the Indians, up on the Peace River, eight years ago, and it was my first Northern trip. There had been rumors of some sporadic cases of smallpox and fever up there which I was supposed to look into, but I spent most of my time vacation-fashion on the raft and at the posts, for there was no serious trouble.

"For four days we had floated down Peace River in the warm, mellow sunlight of late Indian summer. Then in one night, winter was upon us, with a chill, marrow-searching head-wind from the northwest, bringing with it a fine drizzle that before morning changed into heavy-flaked snow. All day it fell, blotting from view the majestic, tree-crowned banks of the mighty river. On the raft, we were wet to the skin and chilled to the bone, and fearful through it all that in the storm we might slip past the Hudson's Bay Fort which was our next stopping place, and thus necessitate an almost impossible return against the swift current.

"Just before dark the snowfall ceased for a time, and almost simultaneously the rugged outlines of the fort appeared against the horizon hardly a mile away. We were soon indoors, and heartily welcomed by the factor. Dry clothes and a hot supper restored the spirits of our party to their usual state of cheerfulness.

" 'Are the Indians all in?' I inquired as we sat at supper.

" 'All been here for at least a week,' replied the factor. 'Of course Black Eagle, the chief, and many of his tribe camp here most of the year, for the fort is beside their reservation.'

" 'Black Eagle,' I repeated. 'I've surely heard that name before.'

" 'Likely,' spoke up the Commissioner. 'He was a great chief in the rebellion of '85, but he had his wings well clipped then, and he has hated the Government ever since. The year he spent in jail made his heart bad, he says, very bad, and he doesn't love the White Chief across the water.'

" 'Sulky,' added the factor, "but clever. Far too clever for an Indian. Thinks he has more skill than any white man in anything he does. For my part I admire him immensely, he is so magnificently self-confident. If he'd been an educated white man instead of the untutored savage that he is, he would have made his name known in Canada.'

"Then the talk veered to something else, and the subject of Black Eagle was dropped. I thought of him again as I turned in, deliciously weary, some three hours later, and wondered what he would say to me next morning.

"Daylight revealed close-huddled tepees clustered around the walls, many braves, squaws and papooses moving to and fro over the fresh snow, with the usual accompaniment of dogs, horses and huskies filling in everywhere. My work there lay, first of all, at the house of the chief, easily distinguished from the smaller and meaner tents.

"Lifting up the deerskin flap of the tepee, we entered, Indian fashion, the interpreter and I, and stood inside. The place was warm, large and comfortable enough, with great piles of robes scattered on the floor.

Upon these sat in a circle some dozen or more squaws and Indians. At the far end, opposite the doorway, on a seat raised a little above the others, sat the finest specimen of an Indian I ever saw, and thus I first made the acquaintance of Black Eagle. He was tall, swarthy, sinewy, with a face at once intelligent and warlike, lighted by piercing dark eyes which long ago had won him the title of 'Black Eagle.'

" 'How!" he said in salutation as we entered, and nodded curtly.

" 'How!' we replied, and introductions were over.

"A young wife sitting near reached for a robe and threw it towards us. We accepted the invitation and sat down. It was plain that we had interrupted a council, but for many minutes there was no word spoken. An old brave passed me his pipe. I drew a few puffs, and passed it on. Then I began my speech, speaking in English, interpreted as I went along, though I saw that Black Eagle understood me.

"I had been sent, I said, by the Great White Chief because he had heard there was much sickness among his children, the Indians, and he was sad to know that so many of them had died of the smallpox, and the fevers this last year. The heart of the White Chief would be glad if his Indian children were as strong and as many as the pine trees in the forest. Were there any sick among them now? Was there any smallpox anywhere? Because for this the King had sent me, his Medicine Man, to do what I could for them that they might all be well.

"And much more in the same strain. I knew King Edward would forgive me for representing that to oblige his red men he had desolated himself of my services, and I also knew that the Indians expected nothing less.

"Presently Black Eagle answered: 'We have not in our camp many sick,' adding in English; 'only some of the old wives. They have died this year, but it was time for them to die, anyway. They cannot live always. My braves, they are all well and strong

like the oak trees, and the young wives, too, and the papooses, they are well. We have had good year, and big hunt this last moon. Only one old Indian he has the smallpox, but it is nothing. He is ver' old and will soon die anyway. And his old wife, too, she is dead with smallpox las'. week, but she was ver' old wife and no good to work any more. Myself, me ver' good medicine man. Any in my camp get sick, me cure them. Me make all time ver' good medicine for my people.'

"Here he paused, and the speech being interpreted to the circle, was received with nods and grunts of approval.

" 'But me glad you come, all same,' continued Black Eagle, after dramatic pause, 'for me hear that the Great White Chief's medicine man ver' ver' good medicine man. Maybe you know some things me not know. For one of my old wives is sick, yes, she is ver' sick, and she is not a ver' old wife, either, and she is all time ver' good wife too. Me no want see old Nokum die, but she can eat nothing for four days and in three more days she die.'

"A passing gleam of affection lighted up the old chief's eyes as he looked towards one of the squaws sitting near him. I noticed her then for the first time and saw that on account of her huge bulk, her blanket bulged out from her on all sides from the neck to the ground. She smiled at us pleasantly as she saw us watching.

" 'Yes,' continued the chief, 'she is ver' sick. She cannot eat anything because she is full.'

" 'How long has she been sick?' I asked.

" 'Oh, a long time now, many moons,' he replied, 'and there is no use giving her something, because she is full. But if the white medicine man can do anything else for the old wife, he is welcome. She will die anyway.'

" 'Huh! huh!' grunted Nokum, speaking in her own language, 'in three days I die anyway.'

"This was not flattering. It was evident, after a very brief examination, that she had a bad case of dropsy and required a simple operation, so I readily promised Black Eagle to give her nothing, but said that I could do her some good. He agreed to let me try—seeing she would die anyway.

"I had her removed to a separate tent, and made the attending ceremonies duly impressive as was expected from the medicine man sent by the White Chief across the water. Black Eagle diligently 'made medicine' in his own tent. No dogs were allowed within fifty yards, which gave employment to all the little *nitchies* who would otherwise have been peeping through every cranny. The operation was brief, and simple enough, fully two and a half pails of water being drawn from the poor creature, who smiled bravely through it all. She was put to bed, tightly bandaged, and at supper time I took her some white bread, jelly and tea.

"Next morning, treaty payment was in full swing. Inside the commissioner's tent questions and answers were being exchanged rapidly, followed by the payment to the head of each family, of many rustling brand new ten dollar bills.

"Between the tent and the company's store steadily streams of braves and squaws kept coming and going, exchanging the Government bills for much tobacco, flour, bacon, tea and blankets.

"Quietly the tent flap opened, and Black Eagle stepped inside. Close behind him, walking unsupported, came old Nokum. The Indians and squaws standing near grunted their surprise when they saw her. She grinned and nodded to them all, and followed the chief to a front seat.

"The commissioner looked up and greeted them.

" 'How, Black Eagle,' he said. 'You got your treaty yesterday; wasn't it all right?'

"The chief rose to his feet and stretched out his arm for attention. There was a certain majesty and dignity about this savage that a real king might have envied.

" 'I come, O White Man,' he began impressively, 'not for more treaty, but to speak. Always has my heart been

ver' bad to the White Father. Me no like white man; me no like Great White Chief. But now it is no bad any more. For the White Chief sent to me his own medicine man, and he make good, ver' good medicine. You see old Nokum is come in with me. Never for many moons has she walked alone, but always a grandson helped her on each side. Me, Black Eagle, am great medicine man, but me no could cure old Nokum, my old wife. Now me know that white medicine is plenty good. And always now me and my people will love the White Father for he sent me his own medicine man and he is ver' good. My heart was bad; now it is good. Never any more will we hate the white men. I have spoken.'

"Then he sat down, and old Nokum rose and came towards me, smiling. From beneath her blanket she drew out a pair of moccasins, snow-white, dainty little affairs made of doeskin and embroidered in colored silks. She pressed them into my hand, saying a few words in Indian with many smiles and nods.

" 'She says they are for your young wife,' said the interpreter, 'and if you have no wife, you will soon get one, for the shoes will bring you good luck.'

"The rest of the party were highly amused, but when they saw Black Eagle's present, they added their congratulations, for the old chief insisted on my accepting a fine musk-ox robe most beautifully shaded. As they left the tent he beckoned me aside, and inquired, 'How long will she live now?'

"I could not promise very much. 'Until the snow flies next year,' I replied. His face betrayed no expression, and with a nod he left me. Old Nokum shook my hands many times, bowing and smiling, then went away to her tent.

"A little more than a year later, we reached once more this fort on the bank of the Peace River. I inquired for Black Eagle.

" 'He kept his word,' said the factor. 'There's not a better behaved Indian in the Northwest.'

" 'And old Nokum?' I asked.

" 'Oh, the old wife is dead,' he answered. 'She died about the time of the first snow-fall.' "

The Doctor's pipe was out, and we all sat very quiet. Presently young Mrs. Doctor stirred.

"Poor Nokum!" she said. "So that was where you got my moccasins."

"Yes," answered the Doctor. "And sure enough they brought me good luck, didn't they?"

Mrs. Doctor tilted her little chin saucily. "That's nice of you. I'll have to give you an extra cup of coffee to-night for that."

She rose lightly, flinging back her fleecy scarf, and paused in the doorway, looking out across the moonlit prairie. Suddenly she threw an airy kiss out into the silver night.

"Here's luck, Nokum!" she said.

Billiken's Umbrella

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Author of "the Book of the Singing Winds"

DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

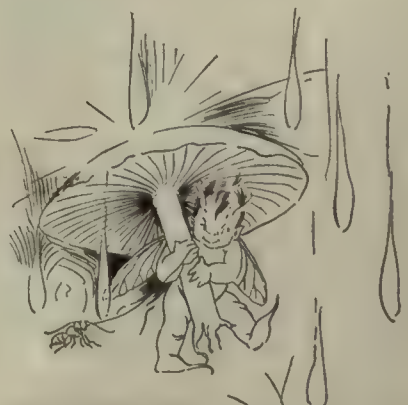
HOW WAS HE TO GET HOME?

LOOK: Here is a little white toadstool on the north side of the fence. Do you want to know what it is for? To eat? Oh my, no!

Once-upon-a-time, Billiken, the fairy, was out gathering honey for supper, and it began to rain. He sat under a leaf a little while, when presently, a big drop fell splash! beside him. So he thought it was time to go home. But how was he to get home without wetting his wings? Well sir, he thought and he thought. And then he spied a little bit of a toadstool, like this, close by.

"Oho!" he said. "I know what I'll do!" and he pulled that little toadstool right out of the ground, and held it over his head for an umbrella. Then he flew home, and didn't get wet a bit. And that was the very first umbrella that ever was.

And one day, do you know, Little-Boy went to fairyland, and stayed so long it began to rain. So the fairies made him an umbrella from a black toadstool—a big magic umbrella, so he went home all dry, too. Then Little-Boy taught his papa how to make umbrellas, and presently all the grown-ups had them, and forgot they didn't always know how to make them.



DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

AND HE DIDN'T GET WET A BIT

But eat them? Eat an umbrella? My, my, how funny that would be!

The Empire of Larger Hope

By Agnes Deans Cameron

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

To the far-flung fenceless prairie
Where the quick cloud-shadows trail,
To our neighbor's barn in the offing
And the line of the new-cut rail;
To the plough in her league-long furrow
With the gray Lake gulls behind—
To the weight of a half year's harvest
And the warm wet western wind!

—Rudyard Kipling

"PLACE a pair of dividers with one leg on the boundary between the United States and Canada and the other leg at Key West, Florida. Then swing the latter to the northwest and it will not reach the limit of good agricultural land. There is the field for your labors. Nature knows no political parties, no race exclusiveness, no division of territory by artificial boundaries."

This is the voice of James J. Hill—himself a maker of empire—speaking before the Merchants' Club in Chicago. Mr. Hill goes on to say: "The certain fate and fortune of this adjoining country so similar in physical characteristics to our own, so identical in language, customs and usages of trade, is to be wrought out by a series of common agencies working north and south in uniformity."

The wheat belt of Canada is the Last West, the one unoccupied frontier remaining to the white man. South Africa, of course, has room, but the Chinaman and the Kaffir are on the ground there, and black and yellow (though becoming enough colors on a football jersey) do not readily blend with white.

Two hundred thousand people in 1906 heard the call of the West, caught the wheat fever and took root in Canada. The stream is flowing even harder this year and it is a flood tide with no ebb. Why did they come? Because nature gave Western Canada a soil that produces 25 and 30 and 40 bushels of hard wheat to the acre. This is the whole secret and an open one.

The prairies west of Winnipeg last year produced 201,000,000 bushels of grain and four million dollars' worth of range-fed cattle. To house the wheat 141 new elevators were built, bringing the whole number of interior elevators up to 1,200.

Who are the people that are filling up the Empire of the Larger Hope? Forty-five per cent. of them came from Great Britain, thirty per cent. from the United States and twenty-five per cent. from northern Europe. Citizens from forty-six States of the Union entered Canada last year, 35,000 settlers came from the three States of North and South Dakota and Minnesota, 20,000 more left Iowa for the same destination. The Soo line officials report that they carried 30,000 settlers into Canada through the gateway of the Twin Cities last year. The Great Northern probably handled half as many.

Never was a frontier conquered so noiselessly, and never in the world was history made and geography changed so rapidly. Atlases of Western Canada of the vintage of any previous year are useless and month-old statistics are stale

And yet statistics when complied with ordinary care tell best the story

COMFORTABLE FARM HOUSES, WHERE RECENTLY THE COYOTE RULED

of development. Take, for instance, the one city of Winnipeg as a type of Canada's western towns. What has hard wheat done for Winnipeg? It has given her a building expansion in 1906 greater than that of any other city of her population in America. Winnipeg has a population of 100,000. She took out during the year 2,508 building permits, representing $12,700,000 worth of construction. The Government for the same period credits Minneapolis with a building growth of $4,800,000, and Minneapolis is twice as large as Winnipeg and considers that she is not slow. Denver, with a population one and one-half times that of Winnipeg, expended $4,300,000 on new buildings, and Indianapolis, St. Paul, Columbus, Ohio, and Providence, R. I., each spent less than four millions.

Winnipeg's bank clearings tell an interesting tale. In 1901 the total volume for he year was $134,000,000 and in 1906 it was $504,000,000, practically for the past five years an increase of $100,000,000 a year. It is hardly surprising in the light of all this to learn that the ratable value of property jumped last year over $20,000,000. The city's commissioner places the total ratable value of Winnipeg's property at $80,000,000, and it would be hard to find a dozen citizens who would be willing to sell at the assessed figure. Is there a city anywhere with a richer hinterland?

One year has seen in Western Canada an increase in crop area under the one cereal of winter wheat of over 150 per cent., a development absolutely unique in the world's history. The Canadian

Pacific Railway has in the city of Winnipeg railway trackage amounting to 120 miles, and Canadian Pacific Railway stock coquettes around 180 per cent. in the markets of London and New York. The Canadian Pacific Railway is the spine of Canada, with one arm reaching eastward to Europe and another to the Orient. It had the courage and the faith to stake its money on the future of the country at a time when the Government quailed before the risk.

Canada will build more miles of railway than the United States in 1907. Sixty thousand men will be employed in the Dominion this year; the whole map is criss-crossed with new and projected lines. The Canadian Northern has 3,700 miles, and soon will have 2,500 more. Three railways are started from the wheat belt to Hudson's Bay. This new route will reduce the length of transportation from wheat fields to salt water to about 500 miles, and twice that distance—that is, from Chicago to New York—is not now regarded as an expensive haul.

The Grand Trunk Pacific for 5,000 miles is stretching from ocean to ocean. It is building as never before was transcontinental line built. Simultaneously at frequent intervals along its course, the rails appear as if a great subterranean monster writhing into life protruded his steely back here and there through the earth's crust. And while the builders are rushing the work on the prairies the construction engineers are freighting their outfits over the Athabasca and the Peace, scaling the continent's crest and slipping down snowy slopes to the western sea.

Like the economic trek of the Americans over parallel 49, it is all being done quietly; there is no fanfare of trumpets, but colonization is keeping pace with construction, and before the completed track has felt the weight of an engine there will be wheat harvests ripened along these tracks ready for their transit to either ocean.

Little has been given out concerning Kaien Island, the Pacific terminus of this new transcontinental steel nerve of Canada. Kaien is an island of some 11,500 acres, half-way between Victoria, on Vancouver Island, and Skaguay, Alaska; five survey parties were at work there last summer.

The island was partly owned by an astute tribe of Canadian Indians, the Metlakatlas, and from them the railroad company bought 2,500 acres. The division of the spoils gave to each Siwash $700, and to every unattached squaw $500, the ratio being settled by tribal counsels. Campbell-Bannerman would be gratified to find here such a promising field for his women's suffrage propaganda; the struggle is five-sevenths won already. But the Metlakatlas were converted to Christianity a generation ago by Missionary Duncan and with avidity took up the white man's burden.

We remember one wily old brave who neatly combined the law with the profits. Possessing himself of a cast-off uniform from an officer of the British navy patrolling these waters, he polished up the brass buttons and paddled his canoe into a camp of far inland tepees. Here he set up judicial court, and announced himself an envoy sent from "the Great Mother Over the Water" to administer justice. The brass buttons and the admiral's cocked hat turned the trick. Judge, jury, Crown prosecutor and active sheriff, Queeakem tried every misdemeanor for a circuit extending far up into the Arctic Circle, and for every offence there was but one penalty—a fine more or less severe. The tribes increased in integrity and the Pericles of the Pacific in peltries.

Of the recent beneficiaries of the G.T.P. one anxious bachelor wrote to Laurier at Ottawa to ask whether with his $700 he had better buy a gasoline launch or get married!

The G. T. P. will cross the Rockies by the Yellow Head Pass, altitude 3,250 feet, getting a water grade from there to the coast by the Fraser, Neehaco, Bulkley and Skeena Rivers. It is confidently hoped that the year 1911 will see the completion of the line.

The active operation of the G. T. P. will have not a local, but a national

effect, and not national merely, but international—world-embracing. This northern land so little known is so full of undeveloped richness. The unguessed, and ungarnered because unguessed, wealth of northern British Columbia will be tapped, the mineral treasures and timber. The Queen Charlotte Islands, an archipelago of over 5,000 square miles, rich in coal and fish and timber, will be heard from and Prince Rupert, the new terminus, will be the distributing center for the gold of the Yukon and northern British Columbia.

But the projectors of the G. T. P. saw something beyond the smiling wheat fields of the prairies and the diverse wealth of the Pacific province. The Oriental trade is the infant for whose wet-nursing this kindly corporation yearned with true maternal care.

"Brevity is the soul of wit," say the old copy-books, and although we are warned that "the race is not always to the swift," still you get odds on the swift at any bookmaker's, and Euclid's definition holds that "a straight line is the shortest distance between any two points." And this is the crux of the whole G. T. P. story; the compasses and dividers again emphasize the point.

From Yokohama to Prince Rupert is the shortest route across the Pacific. It is 400 miles shorter than from Yokohama to Seattle and 600 miles shorter than from Yokohama to San Francisco.

But the near future will see a more substantial G. T. P. gain over every existing or future possible route between Yokohama and Liverpool. It is only a question of years, and few years, until Hudson's Bay becomes the northern trade route carrying

SLEEK COATED FARM HORSES FATTEN ON THE NUTRITIOUS GRASSES

Canadian No. 1 Hard to the bake-shops of Britain. The century will not have run another lustrum until this is an established condition, and this will mean a gain of 2,000 miles!

These are the figures:

Yokohama-Liverpool via Mediterranean, 11,260 miles.

Yokohama-Liverpool via San Francisco and New York, 11,000 miles.

Yokohama-Liverpool via Seattle and New York, 10,975 miles.

Yokohama-Liverpool via Vancouver and Montreal, 10,000 miles.

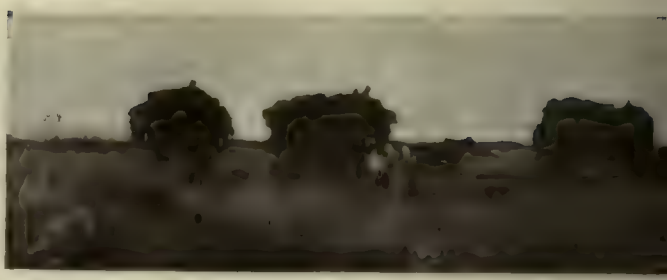
Yokohama-Liverpool via Prince Rupert and Hudson's Bay, 8,275 miles.

A saving of 2,000 miles. It pays to circumnavigate our earth's orange near the top when our right of way cuts through a wheat field 1,000 miles long and of a width uncounted.

With two fronts on the two main oceans, with our waterways and our railways running east and west, offering the shortest route to the Orient, and so mediating between the centers of population and production in Asia upon the farther and Europe upon the nearer hand, nature and manifest destiny have declared that Canada shall be the granary and connecting link between Europe and the Far East.

We shall be a great maritime nation upon both Pacific and Atlantic seaboards; the coal to bunker our shipping is mined under our harbors.

And as established cities grow larger with the first faint realization of all this, over the big wheat farm new cities spring into life. The year 1907 will witness the birth of 100 new towns along the 700 miles between Winnipeg and Edmonton, each a ganglion, a nerve-center on that continent-reaching spinal cord of the G. T. P. There is no more fertile stretch of land in the whole world than this rolling mesa between Winnipeg, the buckle of the wheat belt, and the wonder-city of Edmonton, with its feet running down into the silver Saskatchewan.



UNBAKED

And the development will not stop here. The fertile Peace River country northwest of Edmonton is opening out with an enthusiastic crop of 1907 pioneers, and directly north of Edmonton to far Athabasca Landing is stretching a branch of the Canadian Northern.

A scant decade ago the man who would venture to see in Hudson's Bay a short water route to Europe would have been the subject of ridicule. There would not be lacking people to remind him that the intrepid Henry Hudson himself perished in these icy waters. But as history is created and geography metamorphosed, so public opinion on all matters Canadian must remain fluid and not crystallize if there is to be any growth.

It is not 400 years ago since Jacques Cartier, seeking a new empire, sailed from France to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The Indians paddling out to meet him told of the river that wound its way a thousand leagues inland. A whisper came to him in the evening shadows, "O young Mariner launch your vessel and spread your canvas and ere it vanishes over the margin —after it, follow it, Follow the Gleam!"

But ice encrusted was the river's lip and he sailed back to St. Malo, characterizing the whole St. Lawrence Basin as "a region hard iron-bound and cold where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip." No vision splendid had he of those future fertile provinces of Ontario and Quebec covering the same basin. Niagara's grape-arbors did not exist for him nor the serried acres of wheat.

It has been difficult ever for Cana-

THE NATIONS

dians to grasp the bigness of their empire. The prosperous people of Ontario and Quebec in passing judgment on what lay west and north but yesterday repeated the incredulous heresy of Cartier. The western prairies were a game preserve, and with scorn they asked, "Can any good come out of Hudson's Bay?" Yet it is true that modern science has vastly enlarged the commercial possibilities of navigation in cold waters, and isn't it Confucius who says, "He must change often who would be consistent?"

The advocates of the Hudson's Bay route do not claim a navigation period of more than four months in the straits leading out of the bay. If the egress is open for that time they will be satisfied, and the evidence is overwhelming that it is thus open. With this navigation the growers of No. 1 Hard can get out the major part of their season's crop in the autumn of production and the remainder will have to be stored only a month or so more than that in the Great Lakes elevators of the present dispensation. Given railroad connection to and proper terminals at Fort Churchill, the fleets of the world will flock to Canada's side-door and make the most of the summer months.

The prairies of Canada in 1906 produced so much grain that railroad lines and elevators were alike choked with the unbaked bread for the nations. The congestion of 1907 will be more appalling. If open till the 20th of November Hudson's Bay will afford an outlet for so large a proportion of the crop in the season of its growth, without storage, that it will for the present at least take off the strain that the transcontinental routes have shown themselves unable to stand.

For a while Montreal, looking askance at this side-door safety-valve, strenuously opposed the Hudson's Bay stream, but sectional feeling now gives way to a realization that the added prosperity accruing to the West will be felt from the St. Lawrence mouth to far Victoria, and from Fort Churchill to Prince Rupert. And this is one lesson that insistently forces itself home to the people of this new empire—that is, the great lesson of oneness, of interdependence; we are forced to admit that while nationality is doubtless a growing sentiment, provincialism remains a solid fact.

If we are to come with dignity into our own, we must outgrow our swaddling-bands and take a view of things as wide as the boundaries of the half continent of which we find ourselves joint-heirs. It is a wonderful heritage; small marvel if we do not all grasp at once its full significance. If the 800,000 who make up the population of the three wheat provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, cultivating a little more than seven million acres, could produce as they did last year 201,000,000 bushels of grain, how many homes will there be in the West when the whole 200,000,000 of fat acres come under cultivation!

And these provinces are the West. Above and beyond this again is the true Northwest, the Northwest of the old navigators, Mackenzie and Fraser and Franklin, holding in its rich embrace the fertile valleys of the Peace, the Mackenzie and the Athabasca, a Northwest which in its extension offers to the ranger and the rancher equal advantages with its southern duplicate, the valley of the Ohio, the Missouri and the Mississippi.

This may at the first blush seem to the Canadians themselves an extravagant thought. But before the Canadian schoolboy who to-day in his little prairie schoolhouse struggles over short division and the second reader is ready

to cast his first vote, the people of Canada will realize that this ultimate Northwest is to them what Germany was to the Romans. It was supposed to be a hypoborean waste unfit for mortal man to live in. Yet to-day Germany is among the world's great ones, and that is Canada's destiny.

Fully seventy-five per cent. of Canada's new citizens are Americans or British born, and of the class which preserves a homogeneity of race, and of our Continental immigrants, by far the preponderating number come from the sturdy nations of the North.

The political effect of the large flux of American farmers in the future of the Canadian wheat belt is a fertile subject for the alarmist on both sides of the line. Propinquity and the influence of American capital and business enterprise cannot fail to have their effect, and the Americanization of Canada is not something to be feared. What the States are losing Canada will gain—experience, sturdy manhood and zealous workers.

Western Canadians and Western Americans have a common origin if we go back far enough, common aims and a like way of looking at things; they mingle freely. If ever in the future there is a partition of North America, it will be a partition along a meridian and not along the 49th or any other parallel of latitude.

There has always been a West. For the Greeks there was Sicily, Carthage was the western colony of Tyre, young Roman patricians went west and peopled Gaul and speculated in real estate on the sites of Liverpool and London.

But the Canadian West is the Last West and that is why she has, all along the cobwebs of her new railways, towns so new that the red wagon-wheels have not yet broken the prairies, and oxen and horses on the main street pull their loads of household goods over nature's grassy mat. It is the tar-paper and portable-house stage of home construction. The wilderness and man are meeting.

Outside your comfortable sleeping coach stretch the unbroken prairies along the line of the Canadian Northern and within are immigrants coming to possess the land; not immigrants in prairie schooners, squaring their course across an unknown wild to some mystical land of promise, but immigrants of another class—successful farmers from the republic to the south, coming with their wives and children, their flocks and herds and household goods to take up homes in the Land of Promise Fulfilled and enjoying in transit all the comforts of cafe cars, observation coaches, palace cars and diners. It is the Hegira of luxury.

These have heard the long call of the prairies, and even in passing through on a summer day's journey the insistent witchery of the grassy plains grips one. Grass on one side of the track and on the other side wheat. As the evening shadows close in, it is a sea of wheat rippling to the wind; the green of the stalk turns to gold, and the heavy heads ripen to the harvest—nothing between you and the skyline but wheat, wheat, wheat! The many hours of sunlight and the prolonged twilight contribute to the quantity of the crop and the cold nights give it quality, making it so hard that it can be sent in railway car or in the hold of a vessel across continent and ocean with no other protection than its own delicate skin, without fear of deterioration through change of temperature.

The production of hard wheat in America is confined to the strip of arable country extending from Western Canada south through western Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma. Hard wheat requires for its production a soil rich in nitrogen and receiving a limited quantity of moisture, combined with a short growing season and a dry atmosphere. Such conditions limit the production of hard wheat to the territory mentioned because it is only there that they naturally obtain. Central Alberta possesses all these characteristics, and with an enormous market for flour just opening up in Africa, Japan and the Orient it is difficult to place limitations on her commercial development.

There will be need of additional wheat farms here in 1907. The world's

visible supply of stored wheat is 9,000,000 bushels less than at this time a year ago, and the requirements of European importing countries are greater. To supply this additional consumption Argentina cannot do more than she did last year, nor can Australia. India will likewise be a smaller exporter and Russia must seriously curtail her Odessa output.

Now, Europe must have a considerable quantity of hard wheat; foreign millers cannot make a satisfactory flour by grinding either the home-grown, Australian, Indian, or Argentina wheat alone. These hard wheats for admixture are already obtained from the Danube basin, Russia, the United States and Canada, and with Russia's inability to supply her quota the demand on the United States and Canada must necessarily be heavy.

Our prairie West is dotted with cattle, bunches of a thousand each. The great herds of horses, cattle and sheep that range the plains of Central Alberta subsist during the winter as well as the summer on the naturally cured grasses, and in ordinary years come out of winter quarters having had no artificial shelter of any kind, in first-class breeding condition. No sandy deserts or rocky wastes mar this perfect picture of agricultural beauty, and practically every acre of this enormous empire of the plains may be made productive.

The hackney carriage horse which took first prize at the Montreal and New York Horse Shows was foaled and reared near Calgary, and heavy draft horses are shipped from this district all over the West. Flax and fodder crops grow well, timothy, alfalfa, and bromus yield heavy returns. The long daylight and almost continuous sunshine produce incomparable sugar-beets.

And over the mountains lies British Columbia, the biggest province of Canada's confederacy, with greater diversity of wealth than all the others. Here is a great awakening. There has been a heavy advance in the fruit and timber industries, the harvest of the sea has increased.

THE HEAVY DRAFT HORSE OF ALBERTA IS FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER

Six hundred million feet of timber were cut in these forests last year, and licenses to stump 4,000 square miles more of timber limits are issued for 1907. British Columbia produced last year $35,000,000 from her mines; she drew half a million dollars' worth of whales and eight million dollars' worth of salmon from the sea.

There is undeveloped wealth in this

province sufficient to support a population greater than that now spread out all over Canada. Gold is here and coal, pulp woods and iron ore, whales and seals, and channels choked with fish. The fruit-growing possibilities are yet undreamed of, the cupriferous ores of Haskins Mountain would supply a continent.

The outside world is just beginning to recognize in British Columbia a great fruit-growing country. The St. Louis Exposition with its 94 varieties of Canadian apples, 70 of grapes, 34 of pears, 24 of plums, and 16 of peaches was a revelation. When British Columbia secured the gold medal at the 1906 Horticultural Exhibition in Edinburgh and first honors in the Royal Horticultural Society's Show in London, she took her place among the commercial fruit-growing countries of the world.

And the prairie provinces will yet come into their own. It is a question of time and science. The officials of the Dominion experimental stations are searching Manchuria and Siberia and Chili for apples and grapes and plums which will stand cold nights; they cross-fertilize, and then combine flavor with hardness. The climate that originated Alberta Red wheat may yet evolve an Alberta red apple that will tempt to their undoing unborn small boys over forbidden fences.

Many are the crops of Canada: sugar-beets and succulent fruits in their season, flax and fir-trees, bromus and alfalfa and wheat, and the greatest of these is wheat. It is the magnet that draws the nations to the warm, throbbing prairie-heart of Canada.

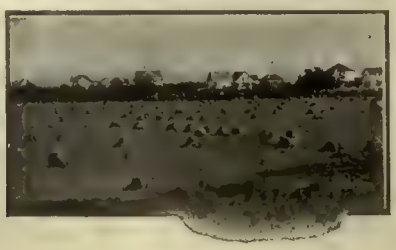
Bancroft, in speaking of the days of '49, calls the lust for gold "all powerful and worshipful; high above all principalities and powers; above religious fanaticism or love of empire; above patriotism, philanthrophy, family affection, woman's virtue and man's honor. The gold fever is," he says, "an influence which overshadows every other influence, which shrinks into insignificance fur companies and licenses to trade, pounds per acre, settlement, claws of wild beasts or lives of men." The rush for gold drew the hardy and adventurous, the lawless and the desperate; families were left behind while the husband and the father followed

"By marsh and lake, by meadow and stream,
A will-o'-the wind, a light-o'-dream."

But wheat appeals to something different in the heart of man. His quick imagination sees in the fields ripening to the harvest no sudden accession of wealth, but his own little home, out in the open, strong, brown-cheeked men at the shack door, the smile of a wife and the prattle of little children.

It is the front page of a big, new, clean volume; the paper is the prairie, grass-covered, smiling in the sunshine and running out in the flowers to the foot-hills, and the writing tools to tell the story are red-coated steam plows and teams of patient oxen and the right arms of faith-possessed men and brave, silent women. This is the Epic of the Wheat.

After showing us his Herefords and his fields of flax last summer, "These are my best crop," said the sturdy Mennonite in his half-broken English, putting his arm around his little flock of babies. And in his unconscious parody of the mother of the Gracchi we catch the secret of this Empire of the Larger Hope.



"Stop Off at Regina"

By H. C. Lawson

Secretary of the Regina Board of Trade

If you have a friend in Saskatchewan's busy capital, you may expect to hear the hearty invitation, "Stop off and see us," next time you say you are going east or west through Regina.

Perhaps you will wonder why your friend is so insistent. This is why:

For the last few years, owing to the enormous rush of newcomers from all parts of the world to Canada, the hotel accomodations in Regina have been inadequate and unsatisfactory. The hotel managers were in no way to blame, as the capacity of their hotels was so much overtaxed that it was impossible to give the service they could have wished, and it was unpleasant for all parties when guests went away complaining of the accommodation received.

But this is being changed. All parties and all purses will be catered to in the three new hotels just being opened, capable of handling over two hundred guests in all, and ranging from the comfortable and well-furnished Von's Hotel, where rates will be from $1.50 per day upwards, to the magnificent King's Hotel, which for up-to-date finishings and general luxury will not be surpassed by any hotel in Canada.

The King's Hotel has a frontage of one hundred feet on Scarth Street, with a depth of one hundred and fifteen feet; is four storeys high, with a basement; and is built of red brick with stone trimmings and tile dividing walls. It presents a very handsome appearance on a main street, and is a distinct addition to Regina's artistic buildings. On the adjoining lot north a five-storey fire-proof annex fifty by one hundred feet will be built, all its equipments to correspond with the originally planned structure

Entering the hotel, one stands in the rotunda, a fifty-foot square, paved with ceramic tile, bearing the coat-of-arms in colored terrazo tile, and a dial indicating the points of the compass. In the rotunda are cosy nooks and settees; the complete offices,including general office, bookkeeper's office, and manager's office; check rooms; news and cigar stands; bell boy's room; telephone switch, every room in the house containing a telephone; and the public 'phones in the corridor. Off the rotunda is a dainty private dining room.

One of the features of the hotel is the kitchen, which cannot be surpassed in point of completeness. It is forty by thirty-five feet, with terrazo tile floor and cove base so that there are no right-angled corners to collect dust and dirt. The walls are carried out in Keene's cement, marked in tile-squares to the ceiling, and the whole room will be finished in the most up-to-date style. with every modern convenience.

All the electric light fixtures throughout the hotel have been especially designed by the architects, Messrs. Story & Van Egmond. Those on the second floor are of antique hammered iron with halophane globes. All partitions are of fire-proof tile and the corridors are lined with metal lath. The walls are finished in stucco plaster and hand decorated.

On the first floor are some magnificent suites of rooms, with bath, telephone, and all modern fittings. Every room in the house has hot and cold water; every room has a telephone, and from the most ornamental suite in the house to the smallest dollar-

a-day room on the top floor, there is a refinement of taste and a comfort of furnishing that is unusually attractive. There are in all one hundred bedrooms. The house will be conducted on the European plan, but in addition there will be a club breakfast, luncheon and dinner at a fixed charge.

The cost of the building alone will be $150,000.00 and when completed will probably run little short of a quarter of a million dollars. Mr. Lewis, late of the Arlington Hotel, Toronto, will manage the hotel, which is to be opened about July first.

The Wascana Hotel on Hamilton Street is a building fifty by one hundred and twenty feet, with an annex fifty by forty feet. This hotel will cater strictly to the commercial trade, and rates will be from $3.00 a day upwards. Mr. H. Atcaster, one of the proprietors, will have especial charge of the kitchen department. He is a thoroughly practical hotel man in every detail, and is a well-known chef.

The main entrance opens into a rotunda twenty by forty feet, which is finished with rubber tiling. In this are the private offices. There is also a separate ladies' entrance, and an entrance to the bar.

The dining room is thirty-three by forty feet. There is also a dining room for the staff, and in the basement a private dining room with special kitchen in connection.

There are sixty bedrooms, and every room on the first floor has a bath and a lavatory. There is also a telephone in every room, including the sample room. On the first floor is a ladies' drawing room and card room. The elevator is electric; the furnishings are of the best quality, including Axminster carpets; there are two grand pianos; and every room is electric lighted and modern in every respect. All floors, ceilings, etc., are fire-resisting and steel work enters largely into the construction. The building is divided into twelve compartments with automatic fire-proof doors between. There are two fire hydrants on each floor and three fire escapes.

In the annex are twelve well appointed sample rooms for the convenience of travelers, and the quarters of the hotel staff.

The cost of the building is $85,000.00 and with the furniture, elevators, and other fixtures, will total nearly $135,000.00.

One of the three is already open: Von's Hotel on the corner of Osler Street and Tenth Avenue, facing the market square, which commenced doing business on May fourth.

This is a sixty-room house, and every one of the sixty is bright and well furnished. On the first floor each room contains hot and cold water, and all rooms have a telephone. On the first floor there is a ladies' sitting room and gentlemen's smoking room, both of which are comfortable and pleasant. On the second floor the bedrooms are all bright, airy, and well furnished, and the rates are only $1.50 per day.

The kitchen is practically fire-proof, with cement floor and fireproof walls of hard plaster over fire-proof paper, and the basement is finished in the same way. The basement is only four feet below the ground, is well lighted, and contains a pool room and extra dining room with five private dining rooms adjoining which are served from the kitchen by means of a fire-proof lift.

The building is of brick veneer, and costs between $50,000.00 and $60,000.00, the furniture, fixtures, telephones, etc., being worth some $18,000.00 more. The proprietor and manager is Mr. Von Ferber, who has had more years' experience as a practical hotel manager than would be ever guessed from his sprightly and genial manner.

Regina is proud of herself and her new hotels. That insistent invitation which has been so long "qualified" from necessity, is going to be the most important feature of her citizens' conversation. They can say now without hesitation, "Regina's a good town. Stop off as you go through. We've good accomodations, and we'll all be glad to show you around."

Lesser Slave Lake

By A. M. Bezanson

LEAVING Athabasca Landing for Slave Lake and Peace River points we come to the mouth of Lesser Slave River, seventy-two miles above the Landing. A beautiful river is the Lesser Slave, but very hard to navigate for the first twenty-two miles going up, as it is for that distance a succession of rapids in which a Tenderfoot, navigating his own boat, is likely to get his feet wet.

Traveling up Slave River the banks become lower and lower, the surrounding country more level, and the timber more scarce, till at the top of the rapids we find open patches of prairie which increase in number and dimensions as we travel up-stream, till within ten miles of the mouth of the lake one may see stretches of fine level prairie, several miles in extent. Here, in July, the blue-joint was four feet high, and in September it was still standing tall and straight, apparently little hurt by frost. Tom Lyllac, a retired buffalo hunter, and a few natives have cabins at the mouth of the Lake, but they evidently consider farming beneath their dignity, at least none of it is done by them.

The York boats and scows carrying freight are tracked up by means of a long line hitched to six or eight lusty natives who walk along shore and make horses of themselves. All the freight going into the Northwest during the summer has been handled for years in this manner. Is it any wonder that manufactured goods are high on the Peace River or that transportation is the all-important problem of the Last West?

If the wind is fair we sail across the lake; if not, we wait till it is. Then in our York boat or canoe we scoot down before the wind the seventy-eight miles in an easy day. The lake is never so wide but one can see the rough, irregular shore-line, with the Swan Hills in the background on the south, broken about midway of the lake by the Swan River valley, another fine stretch of fertile prairie reaching away to the south. For the rest the lake shores are rough, hilly, and covered with a dense growth of spruce and aspen, most of which is too small to be of practical value.

It is my opinion that Lesser Slave Lake is slowly, but surely drying up. It is now so shallow as to make it impossible in many places to get within a half-mile of shore with a canoe, and at the upper or west end there is a dry, sandy beach extending out one-quarter mile beyond where once landed the Hudson's Bay Company freight boats. Buffalo Lake, which was in reality a small extension on the west end of Lesser Slave Lake, is now an ever-dwindling expanse of muck and a fading memory. Whereas the boats once landed at the Hudson's Bay post on Buffalo Lake they now land at Shaw's Point, on Lesser Slave Lake, eight miles from the post, which necessitates an eight mile haul with wagons and gives the traveler a welcome opportunity to move himself about after the trip across the lake. In the main body of the lake, from Shaw's Point to the outlet—Slave River—there is still, and probably will be for years to come, a channel of good depth down the center, but there are very few points between, where a boat of two-foot draft can land. At present, however, they have no cause to do so, as in the whole length and breadth of the lake the only white man's habitation is a fisherman's camp, nine miles above the outlet. A crew of several men work here during

From "The Peace River Trail." *See Shop Talk by the Editor.*

the winter catching whitefish, of which there seems to be an inexhaustible supply. With the limited transportation facilities at present these fish can, of course, only be shipped fresh during the winter months, but with the advent of railroads this will become a very important industry.

No steamboat whistle has as yet awakened the slumbering echoes of Lesser Slave Lake, but the "Northern Light," destined for that honor, was built at Athabasca Landing last spring and was run up as far as the rapids in Slave River, where, being too late for the spring freshets, the depth of water was insufficient, and she ran aground. Her owner, Capt. Barber, persevered however, and succeeded in making his way up ten miles of the rapids, from which point he anticipates no trouble in taking her on to the lake in the early spring of this year.

At the western end of the lake the industry and energy of the Canadian pioneers is everywhere apparent. Not only have the two trading companies—Hudson's Bay and Revillon Brothers—commodious and well constructed stores and warehouses, but the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and the Catholic and English Church Missions as well, have buildings that would do credit to any community.

A great work is being done in this Last West by each of these missions. They maintain free schools, where the dusky child of the forest may obtain equal advantages with his white brothers, and churches where spiritual training is impartially administered to all. Wonderful institutions are these missions of the Northland, taking as strong and active a part in the industrial development of the country as in the spiritual development of its people. At Slave Lake, Peace River Landing, Vermilion, Spirit River, in fact, wherever there is a trading post of importance, there also is a mission, and a mission farm well tilled, well managed and well improved. The good fathers at the Catholic, and the good ministers at the Protestant missions do all the work themselves. They raise their own grain, grind their own flour, build their own buildings, and still find time to help their neighbor and educate his children. No man in the Northland gets so close to the native as the missionary, and no man wins the confidence of the dusky children of the forest as he does. He enters into their daily life, learns their language, sympathizes with them in their simple joys and sorrows, and teaches them practical things as well as things spiritual. These be teachers by example as well as precept. They are ever the first to build saw mills and grist mills at the different settlements, and not only do they saw their own lumber and grind their own flour, but that for the community as well, and at a very reasonable price. All this great work is carried on without outside aid. They carve their own way and build up their schools, churches and homes by their own perseverance, energy and industry.

Never was an institution more suited to the peculiar needs of a country than is the Royal Northwest Mounted Police to Western Canada. So perfect is their system and so complete the protective chain reaching out from the centers of civilization in every direction to the uttermost limits of the land, that it has implanted in the breasts of frontiersman and Indian alike a respect for law and order never before attained in any country. Lawlessness and crime are almost unknown in this part of the Last West, a condition due almost solely to the presence of one or more mounted policeman at every trading post or hamlet. Lesser Slave Lake is their headquarters for the Last West, and very neat and homelike are their buildings here. Besides the usual complement of officers and men, they have a doctor here who attends the sick, regardless of race or color, for miles around. So the Slave Lake Settlement has nearly as many advantages, socially and otherwise, as many railroad towns.

The country immediately surrounding the settlement is rough and wooded, but directly across the shallow pond, which was once Buffalo Lake, is one of the finest stretches of natural prairie one could wish to see. Here, on

September 24th, I found blue-joint and pea-vine that would hide a man standing erect, and the crops grown last year by the half-dozen settlers who are now there could not be beaten anywhere for quality or yield. I took samples of winter wheat, the first year's trial in that country, and found the berry plump and hard and of enormous size. No signs of damage by frost could I detect on any of the crops here, nor could I learn of their having been so damaged in previous years. The soil is a black, slightly sandy loam, about ten inches deep on a brown clay subsoil of great depth making a perfect combination. It works up soft and mellow whether wet or dry, hence it is much more easily tilled than a heavy black soil. Each settler here has a few head of stock which I found to be rolling fat, and I learn that horses are kept in that condition all through the winter months, simply roaming at will over the broad prairie and feeding on the native grasses.

Two townships were surveyed on this prairie during the past year, and good evidence of the value in which this land is held by those familiar with the conditions here is shown by the fact that nearly every member of the survey party took a homestead.

On the occasion of my first visit at the Slave Lake post on July 22nd, we had new potatoes of fine size and quality from the garden there, and peas, beets, radishes, lettuce, etc., etc., were already an old story, which shows that country to be in the vegetable line, not far behind many places much farther south.

The Answer

By O. N. Mason

THEY sat upon the beach one summer day,
She gazed afar with dreamy, wistful eyes.
What were her thoughts, he wondered—grave or gay?
They must be sweet, for she was very fair.

"A penny for them, dear," he said, and blushed,
Half-shy to venture on a maiden's heart.
But to her rosy lips the answer rushed,
"Gee! ain't it hot? I wisht I hadn't came."

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

TESTS IN ARTICULATION

TAKE one Scotch and try to say:

She sells sea shells.

It sufficeth us.

Black bugs' blood.

Three gray geese in the green field grazing.

Gray were the geese and green was the grazing.

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles thrust three thousand thistles in the thick of his thumb—see that thou in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles thrust not three thousand thistles in the thick of thy thumb.

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME

NOT long ago a Calgary man went East to visit the home folks, and among other sights was shown the private stables of a millionaire railroad man.

You know what a millionaire's stables are like nowadays—floors and walls of translucent white tiles, drinking fountains of marble, mahogany mangers, silver trimmings, and so forth and so on.

"Well, gentlemen," said the millionaire proudly, "is anything lacking?"

The Calgary man took it all in. "I can think of nothing," said he, except a sofa for each horse."

OUT FOR BLOOD

THE bad little boy was reading "Blood and Gore" Library and smoking a cigarette.

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" we ask jocosely. "A pirate?"

"Nix," he retorted. "Pirates is lemons these days."

"What, then?"

"A chauffeur," the lad hissed.

HER TACTICS

SHE stood beneath the dim hall-lamp,
"And do I look alright?" asked she.
"Do I? Oh thank you!" and she blushed.
"But does the powder show?" laughed she.
"It doesn't? Really? But—but Ned,
I think you aren't quite close enough
To *really* know," said she.

THE LATE WORM

ENTERTAINING a children's party at a certain millionaire's house, Miss Shedlock, a professional teller of stories to juveniles, happened to employ the old proverb, "The early bird catches the worm." A little boy questioned the proverb promptly.

"But wasn't the worm foolish," he asked, "to get up early and be caught?"

"My dear," said Miss Shedlock, "that worm hadn't been in bed at all. He was just getting home."

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

GENERAL Booth, of the Salvation Army, was talking to a reporter.

"Are you saved?" he asked suddenly.

The young man flushed, stammered and hesitated.

"Well," said the general, "do not despair. There is a chance even for reporters."

Then, discussing prayer, General Booth told a story, a story with a moral.

"There was a young clergyman appointed to a small country town," he began, and a short time after his arrival a horsey-looking man in leggings stopped him on the street one day, bowed respectfully, and said in tremulous voice:

"'If you please, sir, would you mind, next Sabbath, offering up a bit of a prayer for Milly Dean?'

"The minister, of course, assented. The man whose look was worried and haggard, took leave gratefully. And on the next and the two following Sundays Milly Dean was prayed for from the pulpit.

"Then, one afternoon, the man in leggings met the minister again.

"Thank you for them prayers, sir," he said; but you needn't pray no more for Milly Dean.'

"Why,' said the other, shocked, is she dead.'

"'Dead?' said the man in leggings, 'No. She's just won the Blue Ribbon Handicap by a length and a half.'"

The Immigration Question—Two Points of View

The Spokesman-Review (Spokane, Washington) May 25th 1907.

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

IT'S COOL IN THE ROCKIES

IT is July, friend—July and the daylight shirtwaist and the long cool lemonade—July and a hot wind from the prairies that would melt a can of liquid air or a mother-in-law's charity—July and the lawn mower.

You don't feel like office work, do you? You arn't interested in the customers that come into the store? You're tired of the rattle of the typewriter? You're indifferent to the wheat yield on the south quarter-section? You don't just know what's the matter, but somehow Mary looks tired and the baby's not well and you're almost certain Johnnie is learning to smoke.

One sticky morning somebody comes in and asks, "Where are you going to take your vacation this year?"

Vacation? By Jove! you hadn't thought of it. Wonder how long it would take Mary to pack?

You look off to the west and fancy you see the snow-caps on Mount Rundle and Mount Stephen and Mount Edith, and the shimmer of the wonderfull deep-blue Pacific beyond. You remember the stories of the Cariboo trail. You think of Lake Louise and the cool laziness of the mountain chalets, and you suggest the idea to Mary on the porch in the evening.

You hadn't realized how tired she was, had you? Not until you saw her eyes suddenly shine like two stars in the dusk. You hadn't known how often she had dreamed of seeing the Rockies, until you proposed the possibility. You never realized how weary a woman gets of the same parlor-dining-room-kitchen three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, did you? And you had almost forgotten—almost but not quite—how good a chum Mary could be if you gave her a chance.

The cool Rockies, the dim vistas of the shining peaks at dawn, the tumbling glory of the Fraser River—right here in Western Canada a man can spend his vacation in a Paradise of his own, in the Canadian Rockies, unsurpassed by Alp or Apennine.

Take your Mary or Harriet or Letitia, friend, and try it. You'll find it worth the price, and maybe a bit more.

THE PEACE RIVER TRAIL

THERE are many ways of spelling opportunity in Canada, and one of the newest is "The Peace River

Trail" written by A. M. Bezanson, and recently published at Edmonton, a copy of which we have just received.

Information on this district has heretofore been too meagre to be satisfactory or too exaggerated to be creditable, but Mr. Bezanson's statements are from first-hand experience and are thoroughly reliable, the author having gone with canoe and pack from Hudson's Hope, where the great river breaks foaming from the Rockies, to Fort Vermilion and its flour mills three hundred miles northwest of Edmonton.

The chapters have been written with the express purpose of giving information about the country to those interested and have a businesslike directness and clearness of style that make it especially useful.

The book is fully illustrated with photographs taken by Mr. Bezanson himself and other travelers, and is by far the most complete and attractive Peace River guide that has yet appeared in book form.

SUPERINTENDENT BARTLETT ON "THE ANANIAS CLUB"

VERSATILE, energetic President Roosevelt seems to have given his Big Stick a boomerang whirl lately, and there is a possibility that the vigorous "Teddy" may be presently seen sitting on his front lawn rubbing a large and throbbing bump.

At least, Mr. George W. Bartlett, superintendent of the Algonquin National Park, says that he believes—Mr. Roosevelt to the contrary—in the veracity of William J. Long, Ernest Thompson Seton, and other members of the "Nature Fakers' Association," and expresses his belief in "Wild Animals in the Wild." He will tell you why in our August issue.

Naturally, Mr. Bartlett speaks with authority, out of his long experience with the denizens of the forest, and he speaks to the point. If you are familiar with wild life, you will read his opinions, anecdotes and arguments with a personal interest. If you are only amused by the disagreement of the doctors, still you will find "Wild Animals in the Wild" a most readable and entertaining sketch.

CY WARMAN'S "HEATHEN"

WHEN Bannihan, the handsome Irish engineer, came back to his tent and found a note pinned to the flap that told him his "Little Sunbeam" bride of a month was gone with an Uncle Tom's Cabin Company to play "Little Eva," he struck west as disappointed husbands have done before him.

Driving spikes in the Grand Trunk right-of-way on the Upper Athabasca, he met "Singing Bird," the daughter of a Cree chief, and found her buckskin dress covered a truer heart than that which beat under the white woman's organdie.

It is a story that could have originated only in the North and Mr. Warman handles it with his vivid pen until Bannihan, and "Singing Bird," and the fluffy-haired "Little Eva" are real before you, and when "Singing Bird" asks Bannihan if there is no room in his heart for her you feel an answering throb of sympathy. For Bannihan said "No," and how he came to change his mind is the consummation of the tale. It will appear in our August number.

Mr. DUNLOP'S SERIES OF HUNTING SKETCHES

THE first installment of "By Hill and Dale in Manitoba," by R. W. Dunlop of Fairmede, Saskatchewan, will appear in the August number of

the Canada West. If you ever heard the "call of the wild" some fresh, crisp September morning as you poured the syrup on your griddle cakes; if you ever looked out of the window and saw the clear, wind-swept, white-flecked autumn sky, and the yellow leaves drifting in the yard, and the ragged

R. W. DUNLOP

outline of the brilliant woodlands in the distance; if you ever turned back and took down your 30-30, and got your wife to put up your lunch, and set off for a day's hunting with spring in your heels and happiness in your heart; if you ever did any of these things, we say, then you will enjoy the series of hunting sketches that will run for half a dozen numbers in THE CANADA WEST.

AND BESIDES THESE

THERE will be another article on "American Interests in Canada" by Ernest Cawcroft, the well-known American magazine and newspaper writer who spent some time this last winter traveling in Canada and making a careful study of Canadian conditions. Anything Mr. Cawcroft writes is looked upon in the United States as authoritative and should be of interest to our readers, especially considering the growing friendship between Canadians and Americans. The Billiken series will also be continued in the August number, and the children—golden-haired or gray-pated—who watch for the new sleepy-time story and Miss Pretz's charming illustrations will not be disappointed. Miss Benson has written a pathetic little story of a hunter and his dogs that will appeal to every lover of sport; there will be prose and verse by Miss Purves, Miss Randal and Miss Birchall; there will be various other sketches and stories, and—

Did you ever hear the story of the old Southern mammy who replied to her young mistress' question, "What are you going to do this afternoon, Maum 'Liza?"

"Well, honey, I's des got so many things ter do, I don' know where ter begin fust, an' say, honey, I guess I'll des go lie down awhile."

That's what we said when we looked over our manuscript file with a view to August's CANADA WEST. There are so many good things.

The Editor.

INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS

WINNIPEG.

Winnipeg, lying midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific,is the Chicago of Canada. In 1870 its population was 215. In 1902, it was 48,411. In 1906 it was well above the 100,000 mark and is growing with the stride of a giant. Thousands of citizens in the raw from the East and South pour daily through its portals, most of them bound for the wheat fields beyond. But many of them stay and make good. Winnipeg is the city of every man's opportunity. The man with initiative who comes himself and looks over the field, seeing the need and being quick to supply it, is the man who will succeed.

PRINCE ALBERT.

Prince Albert is on the Saskatchewan River, surrounded by a country of great richness and beauty. The district is perfectly adapted for mixed farming, and with twelve new townships now opening, it offers great inducements to homesteaders. This year the lumber exported is worth over a million dollars. Next year it will total over a million and a half dollars. Work is plentiful, wages are good. It is a city of large possibilities for the investor, wholesaler, manufacturer and builder. The very best openings exist for a packing house and abattoir, a foundry and a machine shop, an oatmeal mill. It has exhaustless stores of the best of clay for pressed bricks, limitless water power in its rivers. easily developed. The Hudson's Bay Route which brings the West 1,300 miles nearer Europe, places Prince Albert in the foremost position among Western cities.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

Portage la Prairie is throbbing with genuine prosperity and is destined to become, in the not distant future, the most important railroad, industrial and residential center of all Western Canada. With four great railroad systems—the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Great Northern, we have railroad shipping and distributing facilities positively unexcelled in Western Canada, barring none! Desirable industrial and residential sites are available, that are both convenient and cheap, while the cost of living is comparatively low. Capitalists, manufacturers, wholesalers and everyone wishing to participate to the fullest possible extent in the unprecedented prosperity of this, the last and greatest West, must come west, where the benefits of unexcelled railroad facilities and lessened expenses will prove greatest, and as a business proposition, it will pay you to investigate the advantages and greater possibilities of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, the prettiest and healthiest residential city in Western Canada. Any desired information will be furnished cheerfully by H. W. Baker, Sec'y Twenty Thousand Club & Board of Trade, Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.

REGINA...

The Capital of Saskatchewan

"The Richest Portion of the North West."

(Sir John Macdonald's Description of the Regina District.)

The Distributing Center of the Great West

When you locate a Factory or Warehouse in Regina you secure a track site from the City at nominal cost.

$3,000,000 in Buildings
$565,000 in City Improvements

Form part of the Construction Programme in 1907.

If you are interested in a good thing, write for further information to

H. C. LAWSON

Commissioner and Secretary

Regina Board of Trade

P. O. BOX 494

Iowa-Canadian Land Company

REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN

Think of this: Regina district has produced a larger average wheat crop during the past seven years than any other point on the American continent. We have wild lands and improved farms adjacent to this growing, important, commercial and railway center.

We have an ideal section of wild land within six miles of Regina and two miles from an elevator. Price, $20.00 per acre.

A finely improved three-quarter section, the largest, best barn in the country on this farm. $37.50 per acre.

Some fine improved farms as low as $30.00 per acre.

We have a good list; above are but samples, also have cheaper lands.

Have some choice blocks of land for sale.

City property.

United States buyers headquarters.

IOWA-CANADIAN LAND COMPANY

C. A. FIELDS, SEC'Y OFFICE: ROSE STREET

INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS—*Continued*

REGINA.

Regina, formerly the Government seat of all the Northwest Territories and now the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan, offers great natural advantages to manufacturers of farm machinery and implements, flour, flax and oils, bricks and cement; and to distributors of general merchandise, especially of those goods suitable for a farming population. The volume of business which radiates from Regina would keep a number of large mercantile establishments busily employed. In the northeastern portion of the city 1,600 lots with spur track accommodations, have been set aside by the city for factories,and in addition to this the city has reserved 400 lots alongside of the Q.L.L. & S. railway recently acquired by the Canadian Northern.

CANORA.

Canora, a rapidly growing town of Canada, offers good openings of almost every kind. There is room for a good buttermaker; a chicken or poultry farmer; a lawyer; and a good tailor need never be idle. There are splendid money-making opportunities for the man who will establish another lumber yard; a coal and wood yard; and a small, sash, door and planing mill prepared to do cabinet work. There is need for a local paper and printer; a blacksmith and a wagonmaker; a drug store. That a flour mill could be successfully operated is substantiated by the fact that one flour dealer alone is selling a carload every three weeks (he is just moving into a new brick store costing $5,000.) There is also a profitable opening for a furniture store; a men's clothing store; a millinery and dressmaking shop; a Scandinavian general store; and a steam laundry.

City of Saskatoon

Saskatchewan

Population 5500

The greatest and most attractive business center in Western Canada.

Saskatoon's position as the Hub of the Hard Wheat Belt, and as Earl Grey says, "The Heart of the British Empire" with railways radiating in every direction, affords it the best shipping facilities in the North West Provinces.

The Grand Trunk Pacific and The C. P. R. have many miles graded east and west of Saskatoon; and each is building a magnificent concrete and steel bridge at this point. It is confidently expected that these lines will be in full operation this coming fall.

The C. N. R. Owns and operates the line running from Regina to Prince Albert.

Saskatoon has the most progressive business men of any city in the West.

Saskatoon has eight hotels; affording the best accommodation that can be had in the West.

Saskatoon has six chartered Banks and a branch of the National Trust Association.

Saskatoon has three large brick modern schools

Saskatoon is the most rapidly growing city west of Winnipeg, although the youngest. Assessment in 1905, $750,000; 1906, $2,500,000; in 1907, $6,600,000.

For further information apply to the Commissioner of the Board of Trade.

INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS—*Continued*

CALGARY.

Calgary, the main distributing center between Winnipeg and the coast, has a railway pay list of One Million Dollars per annum, municipal electric power and light, and steam coal at $2.50 per ton. Around the city is a wealth of raw materials in forest, farm and mine. Money can be made in Calgary in the manufacture of brushes and brooms; blackings, oils, etc.; gas fittings and brass castings; glassware;blankets and horse clothing;horseshoes and nails: coffee, spice and package goods; flax products; ropes and cordage.

SASKATOON.

The most rapidly growing city west of Winnipeg: situated in the heart of the great and fertile Saskatchewan Valley. The three great transcontinental railways converge at Saskatoon and it must become the great distributing center for an immense district, in the most fertile wheat country in the world. There is a good opening for an oatmeal mill, packing plant, shoe factory, soap factory, biscuit factory, agricultural implements factories and wholesale jobbing houses in all lines. Assessment increased from $2,500,000 in 1906 to $6,600,000 in 1907.

KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Is a progressive city on the main line of the C. P. R. 250 miles east of Vancouver. Its population is 2,000, with a tributary stock raising, fruit growing and general farming district. The lumber industry is assuming large proportions. Copper, iron and coal deposits offer opportunities for the investment of capital. Fruit growing as an industry is now fully established and a large acreage is now producing enormous crops of apples, peaches, tomatoes, grapes, melons, etc. There are openings for a cannery, cold storage plant, foundry, creamery, etc. Adjacent country accessible by railway, hundreds of miles of navigable streams and lakes and wagon roads. The climate is mild and equable. The settler, tourist, sportsman and capitalist will find many things of interest in this city and district.

STRATHCONA.

Strathcona, situated at the gateway to the Mackenzie and Peace River basins; the market for an exceptionally productive mixed farming district, with abundant fuel, timber, power and water, offers especial advantages to manufacturers, wholesalers, investors and farmers. Strathcona has begun a new era of progress and is receiving a large number of incoming settlers. There are openings here for a biscuit factory, dairying, machinery manufacture, cement block works, a shoe factory, coffee and spice mill, a wholesale grocery, a wholesale drygoods house, an up-to-date hotel would also find a splendid opening.

PRINCE ALBERT

Saskatchewan

The Mixed Farming Center and Natural Distributing Point of Western Canada

The Hudson's Bay Route places Prince Albert foremost among Western cities

Millions of Dollars have been made in the city during the past three or four years

Business Men
Investors
Manufacturers

ARE

growing rich
multiplying their capital
attracted by abundant raw material, cheap power

A strong committee now at work

Developing Water Power

which lies at the city's door

Write to The Secretary, BOARD OF TRADE